THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI No. 1772

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JAN. 6 1934

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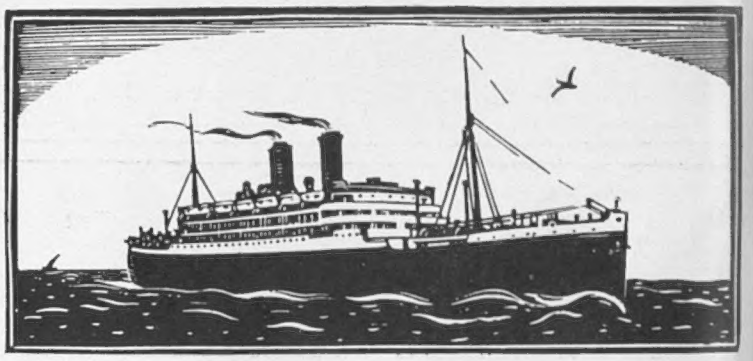

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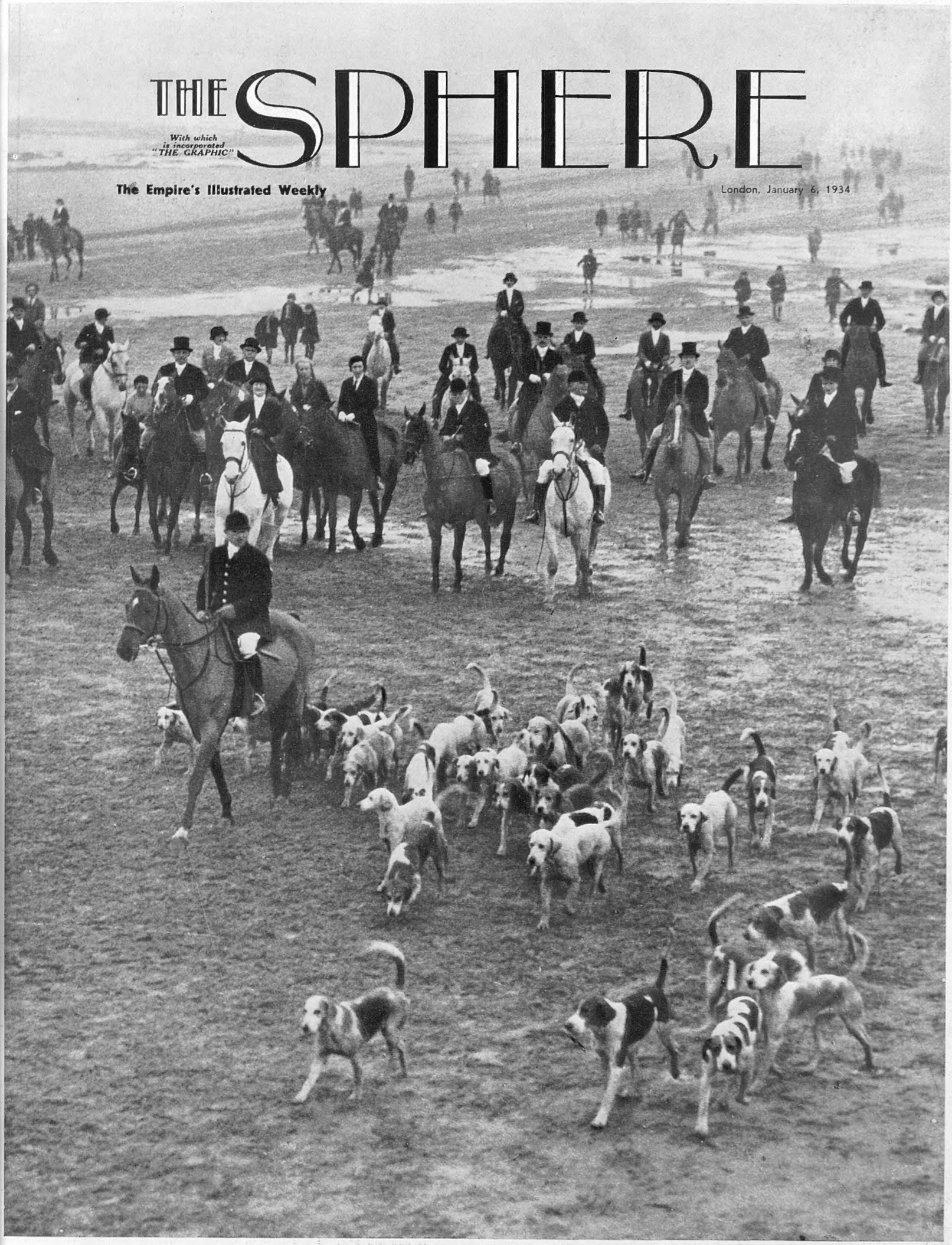
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 6, 1934



A DAY WITH THE STAINTONDALE

An Old-Established North Country Pack Holds its New Year Meet on the Sands at Scarborough

The Staintondale, which hunts a narrow strip of country between Filey and Whitby, Yorks, is one of Britain's oldest packs. Tradition has it that King Stephen, being shipwrecked off Robin Hood's Bay, was rescued and cared for by the dalesmen. In return for their kindness the King granted them a charter to hunt the country for all time, and allowed the farmers of Staintondale a free pass through the toll bars of England. The hunting season has been particularly disappointing up to the present and, although the Northern packs appear to have fared rather better than those in the South, hard going and extremely poor scenting conditions, resulting from many months of drought, are reported from all parts of the country. At least two months of rain are needed for conditions to return to normal

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

DARKNESS BY DAY: A remarkable afternoon study taken at the Thames Embankment. On New Year's Day London experienced the densest fog of the winter, and traffic was seriously delayed both in the City and the suburbs

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 3, 1934.

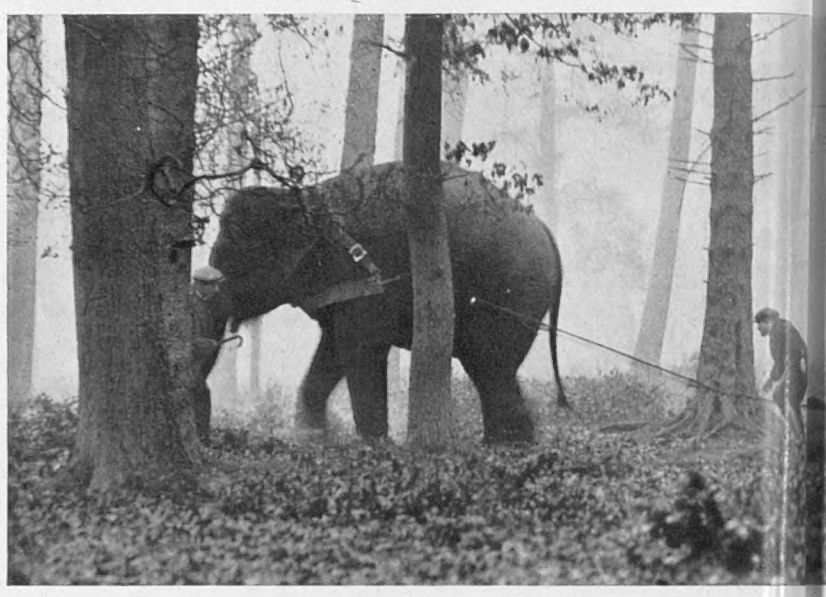
THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS.—

Britain saw the last week of the old year out in a state of splendid isolation. The mantle of darkness and fog fell over most of the country and wrapped us up and hid the revels of each man from his neighbour's eyes. Very little indeed got through to our dim and silent islands. Indeed, the darkness and silence could be felt. No sunshine got through during those long days and only two important items penetrated the barrage. The Codex Sinaiticus arrived from Russia in charge of a devoted courier, and news of the appalling railway disaster near Paris filtered through in driblets increasingly dreadful as the days of high festival passed. The Paris-Strasbourg express of all-steel coaches crashed at 60 m.p.h. into the rear of a "local" preceding it on the same line and telescoped its matchwood coaches almost up to the engine. It happened in a dense fog on Saturday, December 23, near Lagny. There were more than 500 casualties and well over 200 deaths. A disaster of such magnitude is almost without parallel. The season of jollity and holiday naturally lent an added poignancy to the horror.

A VITAL INQUIRY.—

Rightly or wrongly, security of travel on French railway systems has long been suspect. The germ of the idea has gradually grown, albeit, it may well be, statistics would prove that the suspicion is not justified. Unless we are sufficiently expert to be able to judge the percentage of error in any system of automatic control by light and sound signals, we have no right to ask angrily what business had an express train following a slow train on the same line to be travelling at 60 m.p.h. through the fog at night at a time of traffic congestion. At the moment of writing there is no reason to suppose that the driver of the express was blameworthy. There is bound to be a painful sensation if the control system be found antiquated or faulty. We can only wait and learn the truth in time, offering our deepest sympathy to the bereaved French nation. Every such tragedy should be turned to good use for the greater safety of railway passengers all the world over; and if this great disaster leads to radical reforms in the French system those who died will not have died in vain.

NEW YEAR REVELS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: "The Loch Ness Monster," which made its appearance in the ballroom on the stroke of twelve



THE LIVING TRACTOR: Dixie, the Whipsnade elephant, earns her winter keep by lumbering. She is a great favourite with visitors, and in the summer gives the children rides

EXIT MR. MEAD.—

He softly and silently vanished away,
For the Beak was a Wise Man, you see.

For forty-four years Mr. Frederick Mead sat as a Metropolitan magistrate. A Londoner born and bred, he became in those long historic years, so full of vital social changes, an institution, a storehouse of experience, a man who knew London and the character of Londoners as probably no other man knows them to-day. His roots were in the mid-Victorian age, the age of discipline, the age when youth deferred to its elders, when the counsel of the old men was preferred. A bad old age, we are now of course well aware, though a not inglorious era of English history. Some of Mr. Mead's more recent decisions and sentences were held to reflect the outworn traditions of that bad old age, to err on the side of severity. He conceived that imprisonment was a proper punishment for mean and deliberate theft, even by grown-up people, and he thought that persons who encouraged the youth of the country to get blind drunk, contrary to law, should be dealt with severely. Wherefore the post-War generation, in its wisdom and humanity, cried out that he was a dotard, a tyrant, and a kill-joy. It is, of course, possible that even to-day old age can usefully guide youth, that Mr. Mead was sometimes unjustly criticized, and with him the traditions of the despised Victorian age. Because he set his face against publicity, his essential humanity and his mercy escaped notice, while some of his exemplary sentences afforded a fine story for the scavengers of Fleet Street. But he was presumably a man of sound sense and more than average ability, or he would not have been placed or have remained so long in his chair. And when a man so equipped by Nature and training watches for half-a-century the muddy water running under the Tower Bridge, he is bound to learn a good deal about the tides and eddies of London's great sewer, and that experience remains even when physical powers begin to decay. A man of such vast experience is not too old at eighty to guide, correct, and punish the follies, tendencies, and sins of the youth of a vast city, and in Mr. Mead's case, at any rate, it is not proven that old age saps sympathy and understanding of the needs and frailties of youth. He worked silently as became a Victorian, and as a Victorian he retires into private life, without the vulgar glare of publicity, without voluntarily affording "a story." He has his reward in the knowledge that those who knew appreciate his good work.

BRITISH PAINTING. —

The great Art Exhibitions which of late years have been held at Burlington House and opened in the New Year have become a most important annual fixture in the world of Painting, not only in Britain but in the civilized world. The fifth of the series is devoted to British art, and this year's exhibition should prove less exciting, perhaps, but much more instructive to the average Briton. With reproductions of our own school we are on the whole more familiar; we were born and bred up in the "originals" of the landscapes of Constable, Gainsborough, and the Cotmans. The faces depicted on the walls are those of our ancestors, the same features are recognizable in our own sons and daughters. We are one with the painter in tradition; to that extent we see into their minds and stand in their shoes. So far as the arts are concerned, we Britons are pre-eminent in literature rather than in art. As we must yield to the Dutch and Flemish in painting, to the Germans in music, so must the other nations, taking it broadly, yield to us in literature. Indeed, the best of our painting (and the worst) is literature translated into terms of line and colour and design. At various times British painters have been pre-eminent in Europe; first in the monkish art of illumination, the lettering and illustrating of religious manuscripts. Again, centuries later, in the art of miniature painting; and finally, in the art of landscape painting; one might

add a less important fourth—in the depicting of essentially British sports. There have been terrible and long blanks in the history of English painting, decades during which links in the splendid tradition snapped and were lost. In the four centuries before the Conquest British art stood in splendid isolation. In the fourteenth century we had a recognized British school and were pre-eminent as pioneers; thereafter, until the early eighteenth century, we were either barbarians or sedulous apes of foreign invention and genius. The glorious dawn of culture—the Renaissance—found us unprepared. While Italy pursued the arts of peace and beauty Britons were clubbing each other to death, and we were punished for our fall from grace for 200 years, during which time the foreigner and foreign tradition were supreme in British painting.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HOGARTH.—And then at last we won back our reputation by the courage and genius of one whom the Tories of the day no doubt hated or ridiculed or shuddered at as to-day we old fogeys shudder at the last new schools. Hogarth was a realist and a pessimist, but he was uncompromisingly British and he refused to be drowned in the vat of foreign liquor. So the way was smooth for our great days, the classic era of British art, the age of Gainsborough and Reynolds with their satellites, Raeburn, Hoppner, Romney, and the rest. Not that I would put Romney in a class with Raeburn or Hoppner at their best. Lawrence brings this great phase to an end; he killed it (as Hobbs and Sutcliffe almost killed cricket) by being "too damned competent." He almost turned it chocolate-boxy. But English landscape painting reached further still. Constable and Cox shed their influence over Europe, and that influence was not immediately weakened when Turner translated their simplicity and normality into terms of romantic poetry. Of the last important phase (before the twentieth century), I am not sufficiently impartial even to jot down my shamefully ignorant and ill-arranged notes. I cannot bear the Pre-Raphaelites. I cannot bear to look at their pictures nor even to read about their lives and loves. I don't deny that they had their uses, that they were inevitable, that they exerted an influence. They are my Doctor Fell.

TREASURE HOUSES OF BRITISH ART.—The home sources from which outstanding masterpieces of British art could be drawn are embarrassingly large. It is a very comfortable thought. There is no need, of course, to mention our National Galleries. Some of our municipal galleries are famous for their successful specialization in the works of native-born artists. The Scottish galleries have their Raeburns, Norwich has its fine collection of the Norwich School. A few specializations of note in private galleries may be mentioned. Windsor Castle, for example, is peculiarly rich in its portfolios of the entrancing studies by that prince and father of water-colour, Sandby. Petworth, thanks to the fact that the third Earl of Egremont was a patron of the arts and Turner's particular friend, has the finest and most complete collection of his pictures in existence. Crome and the Cotmans, and the Norwich School generally, fill from ground floor to attic the seat of Mr. Russell Colman, Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, at Crown Point. Lord Spencer, at Althorp, owns a wonderful collection of British masterpieces of the great days.

VICTORIA'S NEW GOVERNOR.—Lord Huntingfield, Governor-elect of the State of Victoria, is Australian born, and that is a rare and important attribute among candidates for these by no means easy appointments. He was born in Queensland just fifty years ago. His ancestors were Dutch, long settled in Suffolk, and he succeeded to an Irish peerage during the War. For six years he represented the Eye division in Parliament, and, in spite of bouts of ill health, worked very hard, ably supported by his American wife, whose absorbing interest in our Parliamentary procedure never flagged. Her attendances in the gallery must constitute a record of wifely devotion, and she will ably support him in his new duties. Australian born, with a fine English title and with an interest and experience in typical British sports to satisfy even the Australians, Lord Huntingfield should make a success of what is to-day no easy job—an Australian Governorship.

THE BATTLE OF THE BARGAIN COUNTERS: Activity in a West End store on the first day of the January sales

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE?—Eight millions (or so) of listeners must have been sharply reminded of their school days when the director of talks took occasion last week to review the old and recommend the new programme of B.B.C. talks. He was in a strong position. He was beyond the range of heckling. There was little of humility and pathos in his discourse; he was 90 per cent. the headmaster in righteous indignation. But he did once remark pathetically that the weakness of broadcasting lay in the inability of those who direct our wireless uplift to hear the comments of their audience. But, dominie, it hits both ways. The misfortune may be a blessing disguised. Quite obviously, you feel that those cultured pearls, which you have so painfully produced, have too often been cast before swine; a proportion of your listeners have been bored to tears by a good deal of your uplift, as they have been bored by much of your nice, clean, wholesome fun. Well, it may be so. But, stutters the dominie, my political talks . . . You are not going to tell me that you were not enthralled by my big guns, my Baldwin, my Samuel, my Lansbury? You're not going to tell me that politics and the self-justification of leading politicians leave you cold? Dominie, it is even so. Your audience, your 8,000,000 souls snatched from the sleep of damnation, are composed of sheep and goats, of gold and dross, of swine (undoubtedly Gadarene) and of angels. The ingredients are common knowledge, only the proportions are uncertain. Some of those who wilt at your vaudeville may value your economics. But not all. Dare I guess that there are as many as 1,000,000 of your listeners (I do not admit that I am one of them) who do indeed (as one brave correspondent told you) regard you as an excellent substitute for the club tape machine, and beyond that sphere of usefulness as a doubtful blessing? In my view the B.B.C. has done wonders with an impossibly difficult task. The point I would make (and it is one which I fancy none of the directing Board appreciates) is that a high percentage of its best educated clientele listens-in disapprovingly and is still profoundly suspicious of and inimical towards broadcasting and all its implications. It follows, without embracing, the great new fashion and force. And that makes the Board's task even more difficult and disappointing.

SPORT AND THE WEATHER.—In the New Year the fox-hunting and the racing man look forward confidently to a reversal of ill-luck. For nearly a month hunters ate their heads off in their expensive stables, and race meeting after race meeting suffered financially from curtailment or cancellation. Their time must surely come, though the pessimist will shake his head and argue that there is a devil of a lot of rain due to fall in the next few months, that indeed if it rain "whole-water" from now to summer we shall hardly repair the shortage in the natural storage systems. But the ardent fox-hunter is prepared to risk an over-reach, while an iron surface of frost-bound country is death to his hopes. But the shooter can afford to grin. His season is nearly behind him and he looks back on one more bumper year. He has never had a day ruined by weather since he went north for the 12th. And if partridge shooting is still in the doldrums in England, in Scotland it made famous records. And if woodcock have mysteriously failed to make their mysterious appearances, pheasants have thriven wonderfully. And as for pigeons, the oldest inhabitant cannot recall such a glut.

NEW YEAR HONOURS.—The New Year Honours afford no sensations. Canada, not unanimously, returns to drink at the fountain of honour; and quite right, too. As long as the system of distributing handles and ribbons remains it is to the manifest advantage of that system that all the units of the Empire should share in the great divide. Of the five new peerages a majority will expire with the first holder. It is a curious fact brought out in the correspondence of Thomas Creevey, more than a century ago, that even then the absence of male issue was a "bull-point" for those who sought peerages. Sir William Morris deserves a marquisate at least, and Sir Evelyn Cecil has been the life and soul of parliamentary and other commissions, including that on Honours. Of the Baronetcies, Mr. Pybus' reflects the present state of the roads and Major Glyn's the present position of the Tote and betting generally. Lord Stanhope's leg will adorn the Garter, and Dr. Page (of the Loeb Classics) will bolster up the Companionage of Honour; and the London Library is deservedly rewarded through Dr. Hagberg Wright. The stage is represented in the Order of Knighthood by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, that clever Shavian. Mr. Eden's well-deserved promotion to the office of Lord Privy Seal is not a New Year honour but a political promotion and expedient. He takes the office from Mr. Baldwin, who doubled it, without extra salary, with that of Lord President. Mr. Eden's "sinecure" will enable him to devote himself to journeys back and forth to Geneva; and from the House of Peers will be found a new Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs to answer in the House of Lords the awkward questions of Lord Peel and others. Thus, as the financial crisis grows less grave, the expenses of administration can safely return to high-water mark.

THE OLD STAGER

Below—WATER FAMINE: The great winter drought is giving rise to considerable anxiety in Berkshire, and consumers have been notified that their water supply will be cut off between the hours of 10.15 p.m. and 6 a.m. This picture was taken at Fulbrook, where the villagers are having to obtain water from a spring usually used by cattle

Tischendorf "the Thief"

The Strange Story of the "Acquisition" of the Codex Sinaiticus. In the Monastery of St. Catherine the Monks during Recent Years have Called the Great German Biblical Scholar "the Thief"

ALONE AMONG THE ARID HILLS OF SINAI: The monastery of [illegible] rugged peaks. Here the Codex Sinaiticus was preserved [illegible] Tischendorf, the German scho[illegible]

The fame and glory of having discovered the Codex Sinaiticus, now in the British Museum, has been ascribed to Dr. Lobgott Tischendorf, but the manner in which he found and obtained possession of this priceless Greek manuscript is open to a certain amount of suspicion, and even his own account does not entirely convince one of his absolute integrity.

Tischendorf's First Story about the Librarian

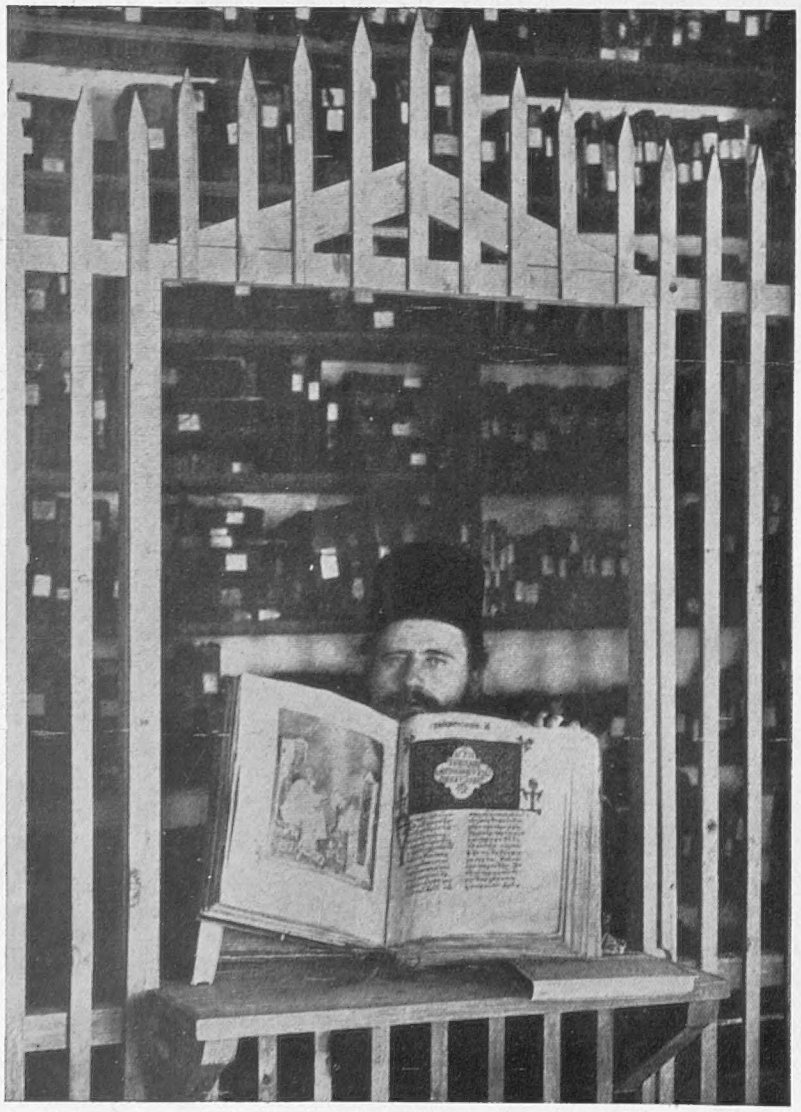
His story of finding the forty-two pages of the Old Testament stuffed in a waste-paper basket in the library of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai, and being told by the librarian Kyrillos that the basket was full of fragments of parchment which were considered worthless, and that two such baskets full had already been burnt, has been told very often, but we have only Dr. Tischendorf's own assertion that this story is true, and no actual proof supplied by a reliable eye-witness has ever been forthcoming.

Tischendorf's Second Story about the Young Athenian

The records of both previous and later explorers indeed emphasize the fact that the monks of Mount Sinai have, for centuries past, guarded, watched over, and protected the valuable documents consigned to their care, and it seems almost unbelievable that a manuscript of such unparalleled importance as the Codex Sinaiticus should have been treated in such an improvident and negligent manner. And if, indeed, the brethren were so perfunctory and neglectful of their treasures, then it seems strangely inconsistent that, when Dr. Tischendorf returned to the convent in 1853 to search for the missing sixty-eight pages, he was told that there was no further manuscript and had to return empty-handed to Germany. He was, however, careful to emphasize the fact that, though his search had been unsuccessful, it proved that the Codex had been put in a safe place and that it was certainly owing to his intervention that it had been saved from destruction.

His story of his final expedition in 1859 is that, through the Russian Minister in Dresden, he succeeded in interesting both the Tsar Alexander II and his brother the Grand Duke Constantine, and, financed and supported by Russia, set out once more for Mount Sinai, arriving there early in January, 1859. After making some valuable researches (he seems undoubtedly to have been a man of great energy) he decided to leave on February 7. And here follows the astonishing account of his second acquisition, which is so curious in its nature that it seems almost incredible that he could have recorded it in such terms. The day before his departure, he says, he took a long walk with the Oikonomus, a young Athenian who was the protégé of the librarian Kyrillos. The conversation apparently turned on old Greek Missals, and on their return to the convent the Oikonomus took him into his cell. "Here I have also an old Greek Testament," he said, and from a corner took out a bundle of manuscript tied up in a piece of scarlet cloth. "I undid the wrappings," Tischendorf continues, "and found what exceeded all my expectations, the rest of the Codex, which I had always declared to be the most valuable of all the Greek parchments which had ever been discovered, and, as I at once ascertained, here were not just the remaining loose sheets of the Old Testament found by me in the waste-paper basket in the year 1844, but the whole of the New Testament as well, without a single gap."

THE GREEK TEXT OF THE CODEX WITH MARG[illegible] great part of the script is in four massive col[illegible] each page. Correctors' notes appear on ce[illegible]



AN ILLUMINATED GOSPEL PRESERVED BEHIND A WOODEN GRILL: The monks of St. Catherine's are now very much on their guard against possibly acquisitive visitors, and no student studying the MSS. is ever allowed to do so alone. The Codex Sinaiticus has no embellishments whatever

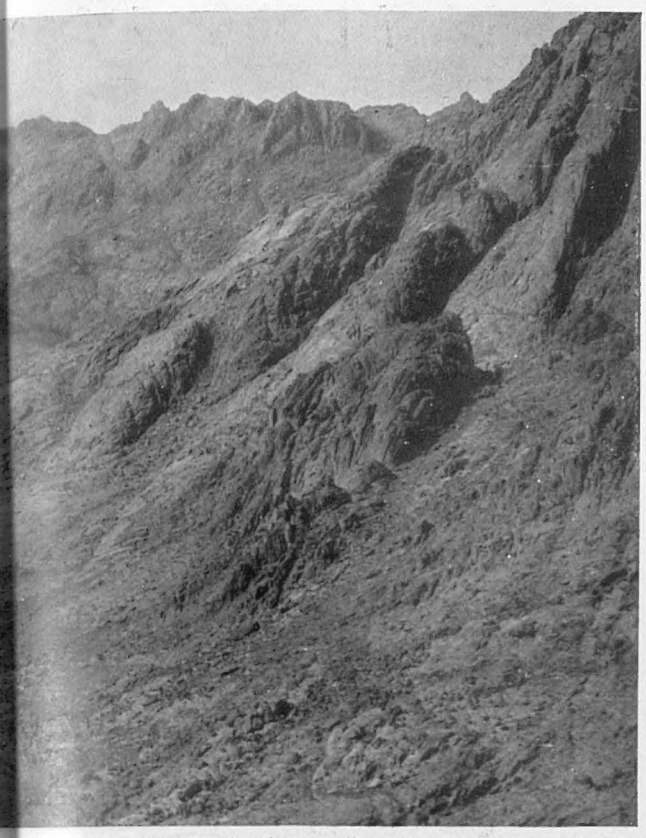
What the German Consul in Jerusalem said

Side by side with this record it is important to take note of a story told by the late Dr. Stoughton, for thirty years Rector of the Hornton Street church in Kensington, in his book, *Recollections of a Long Life* (1894), and also in an article published in *Sunday at Home* (1868). In 1865 Dr. Stoughton made a journey to the East, and during his stay in Jerusalem was told a story, which he relates as follows:—

"Before proceeding further, let me relate what I heard from Dr. Rosen, the German Consul in Jerusalem, respecting the famous Sinaitic Bible. Tischendorf had reason to believe that a treasure was hidden in the monastery of Mount Sinai. He obtained letters which he thought would assist him, but on further consideration declined to employ them. [In the article in the *Sunday at Home* Dr. Stoughton mentions that Tischendorf found out that the letter was intended to warn the brethren against him and therefore destroyed it.] He found in the library part of the coveted prize, and as it happened the office of Oikonomus was vacant,

A number of travellers have visited the monaste[illegible] of St. Catherine at Sinai during the past t[illegible] centuries and have recorded their impressions of t[illegible] library and of its guardians. In 1761 Vitalia[illegible] Donati wrote: "In this monastery I found a lar[illegible] quantity of parchment codices. There were so[illegible] which seemed to me to be prior to the seventh ce[illegible] tury, especially a Bible on a beautiful, large, th[illegible] parchment, written in a beautiful round hand. Th[illegible] also have a Greek Gospel in round, gold characters."

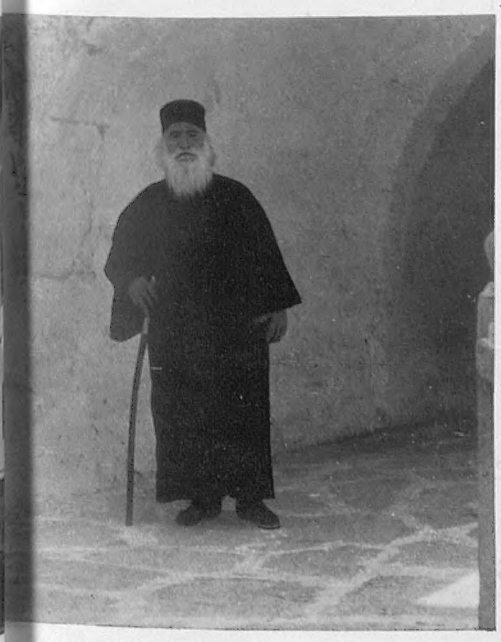
INSIDE THE MONASTERY'S CHURCH: Dedicate[illegible] St. Catherine, it contains a large number of sp[illegible] chapels. From the roof hang six huge chandel[illegible] The columns are of granite



herine, enclosed within its fortress-like walls, lies surrounded by monks from about the sixth century to the nineteenth, when quired" certain of its leaves in 1844

ONE OF SEVERAL VISITORS TO THE MONASTERY: Jakob Burckhardt, who journeyed there in 1816

In 1848 Major Macdonald, a Scot, visited the onvent, and during later years a considerable number people have both inspected the library and given us cords of their discoveries or impressions of the famous ISS. within the walls of the library. Mr. H. J. L. eadnell, in "The Wilderness of Sinai" (Edward rnold, 1927), writes: "In Burckhardt's time the scipline within the monastery was very severe and very monk was compelled to take up some handicraft occupy himself in manual labour."



ETERAN OF ST. CATHERINE'S: This white-bearded monk was, when this picture was taken a few years ago, one of the oldest of those living at the monastery

and a keen contest for it was going on between two monks. He joined one party and promised to use influence with the Russian Emperor in favour of their candidate, hinting that the present of a valuable manuscript would promote their object. After a good deal of diplomacy this plan prospered. The manuscript coveted by the scholar was secured and the once hopeless candidate was installed in office. This was not all. The manuscript was incomplete, and the missing part was found by Tischendorf in the possession of a Greek merchant. The promise of a Russian title proved more effective than gold, and Tischendorf carried off his prize to St. Petersburg in triumph. I jotted down the story the evening Rosen related it, and here, in a few words, I have given the substance."

Tischendorf's Friendship with the Convent's Librarian

There are here one or two points worth noting. Dr. Tischendorf repeatedly mentions his friendship with the librarian Kyrillos, who it would seem allowed him to carry off the first part of the Codex in 1844, and he also frequently makes allusions to the Oikonomus who had been brought up and practically adopted by Kyrillos, and these facts certainly form a link with Dr. Stoughton's story of the election of the Oikonomus through Tischendorf's influence and the barter of a valuable manuscript.

The Promise of Prince Lobanoff to the Brethren

How the Codex, after having been sent to the branch convent of Mount Sinai at Cairo, was eventually given to the German explorer, in the form of a loan to be shown to the Russian Tsar and to be copied and translated, is told by Tischendorf in his book, *Die Sinai Bibel. Ihre Entdückung, Herausgabe und Erwerbung* (1871). He had tried to persuade the brethren of Mount Sinai to give the Codex as a present to the Tsar of Russia, but the death of the Patriarch caused complications and a long delay, and, staying with Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador in Constantinople, Tischendorf hit on a plan to overcome these difficulties. He accordingly persuaded Prince Lobanoff to write the following letter:—

"MOST REVEREND FATHERS OF MOUNT SINAI,
Sept. 22, 1859.

"Monsieur Tischendorf has informed me that the venerable Brethren of Mount Sinai have proposed, through his intermediary, to offer an old Biblical Manuscript in token of homage to the Emperor Alexander II. This proposal cannot be officially carried out before the newly-elected Superior has been recognized by the Sublime Porte, and M. Tischendorf would like meanwhile to take the said Manuscript, in the shape of a loan, to St. Petersburg in order that he may transcribe and translate from the original. In supporting M. Tischendorf's wish, and in the event of its being thought possible to agree to it, I herewith announce that the Manuscript will remain the property of Mount Sinai until the Superior of the Order has officially offered it to His Imperial Majesty. It goes without saying that in the event of any unforeseen circumstances which might prevent the Brethren from wishing to continue this arrangement, the Manuscript will be returned to them at once without fail."

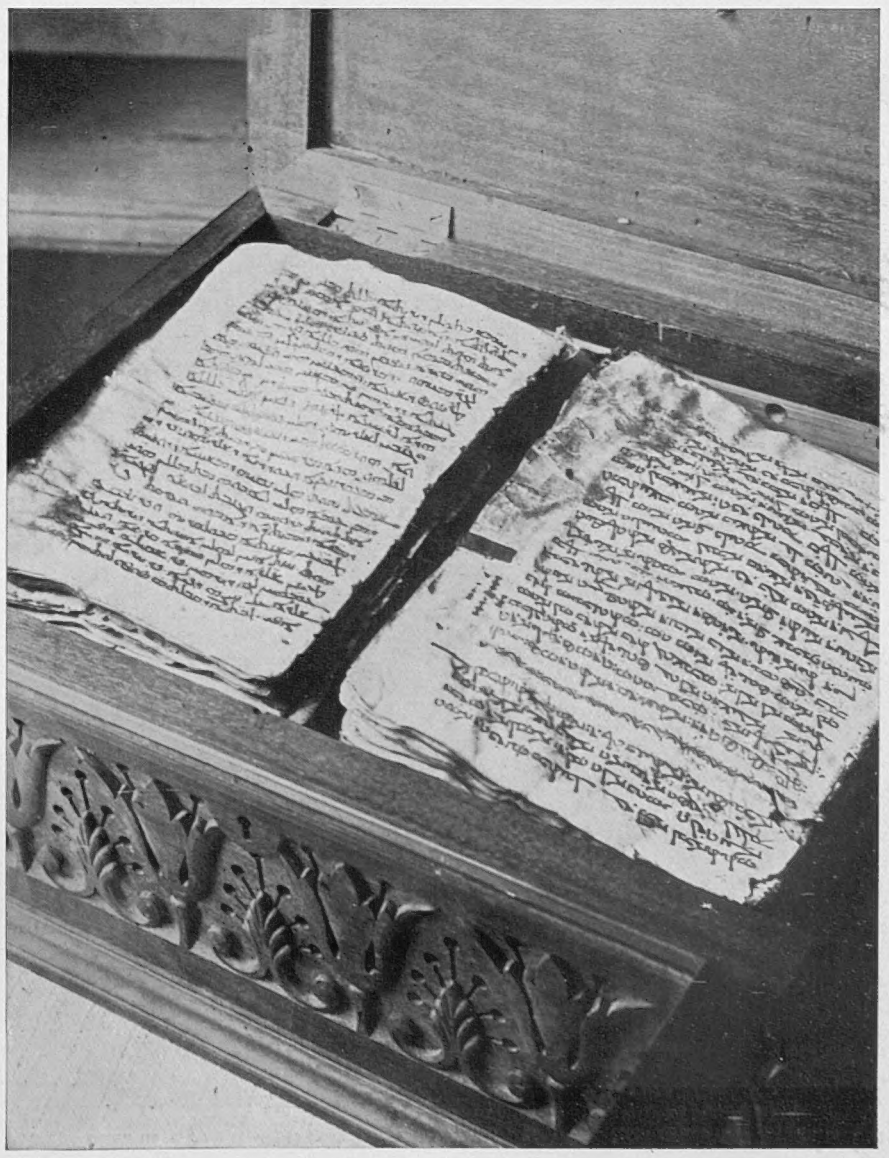
As a result of this letter the Codex was handed intact to Tischendorf on September 28, 1859, and he immediately took it with him to Russia, and was received by the Emperor on November 29. During the next few years Tischendorf busied himself with the monumental task of transcribing and copying the manuscript and getting ready what he called the *pracht Ausgabe* or *édition de luxe* which was to be handed to the Tsar, with the original document (still wrapped in the faded scarlet cloth), on November 10, 1862, that date having been specially fixed as being the day on which Russia celebrated the thousandth anniversary of Rurik's arrival in Novgorod and the first inception of the Russian Empire.

In spite of Royal favours and a Russian title of nobility, Tischendorf did not find universal praise for his part in the discovery of the Sinaitic Codex. He himself mentions several *Verletzende Angriffe* made against him in the Press and speaks also of the doubt thrown on the real value of the Codex by a Greek antiquarian. People spoke of him as "the friend of the Tsar," the Americans gave him the sub-title of "The Universal" or "Minion." An article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in May, 1852, spoke of "Le théologien de Leipzig—séduit par l'esprit Muscovite." And, in his book on the Evangelical Alliance (1873), Herr von Würtzberger remarks somewhat caustically, "Herr von Tischendorf pushes himself forward where he does not belong, and meddles in business which does not concern him."

The Nervousness of the Monks

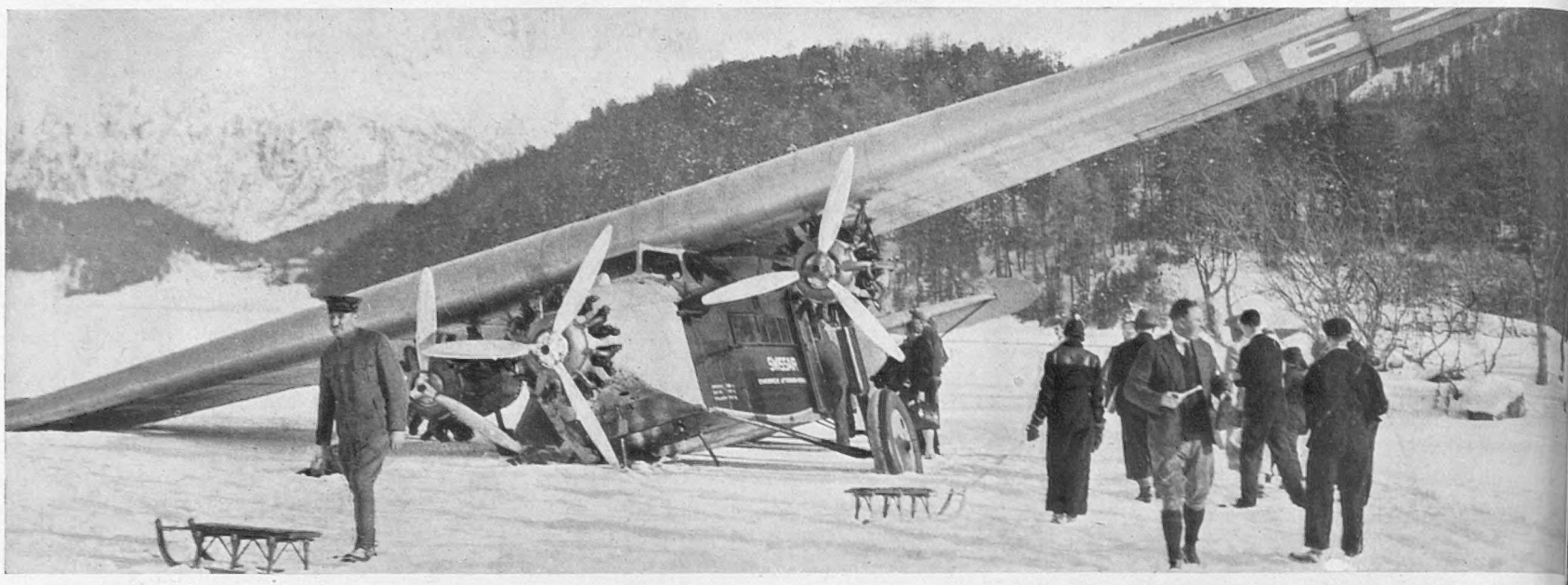
Meanwhile the monks of Mount Sinai had got nervous about their treasure, and Tischendorf mentions a letter he received from Archbishop Cyril saying that two magnificent copied editions had been received at the convent, and adding somewhat pointedly that the original had not so far been returned. A great many letters must certainly have been exchanged by the convent with St. Petersburg at about this time, but so far these have apparently never been published, and the exact terms of the bargain that was eventually made do not seem quite clear. It is believed

(Continued on p. 32)

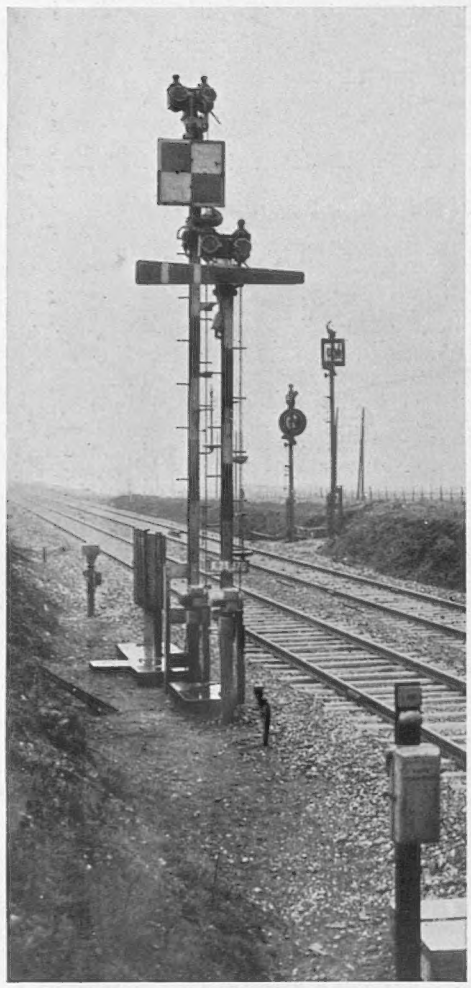


A FOURTH-CENTURY MS. STILL AT ST. CATHERINE'S MONASTERY: This Syriac version of the Gospels, which is enclosed within a wooden case made for it in Cambridge as a gift from a Mrs. Lewis, is regarded as a very special treasure of the library. It is not in the same excellent condition as the parchment leaves of the Codex Sinaiticus

DRAMATIC EVENTS in EUROPE DURING the LAST DAYS of 193

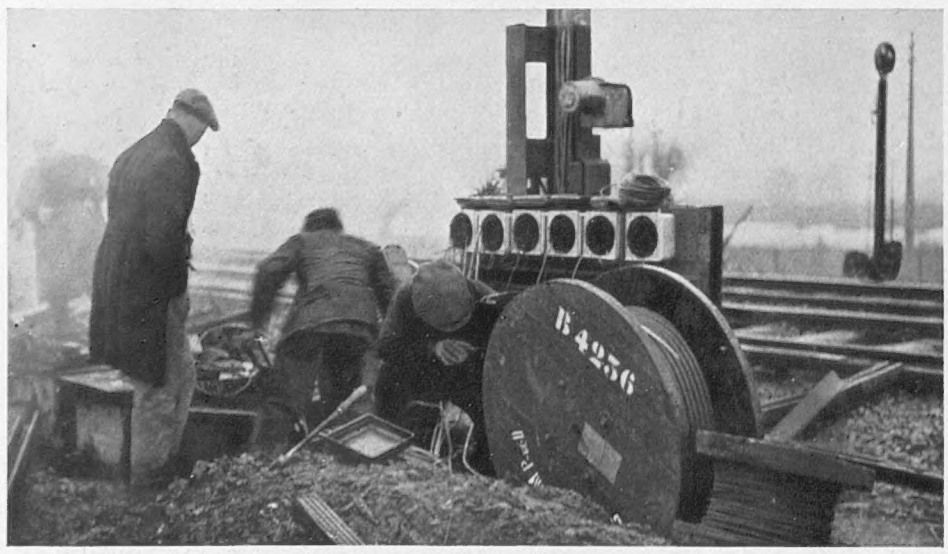


A TRIPLE-ENGINED SWISS 'PLANE, which had just been sold to the King o Abyssinia and which was engaged on a special test flight, crashed whi landing on the lake at St. Moritz. The undercarriage was badly damage

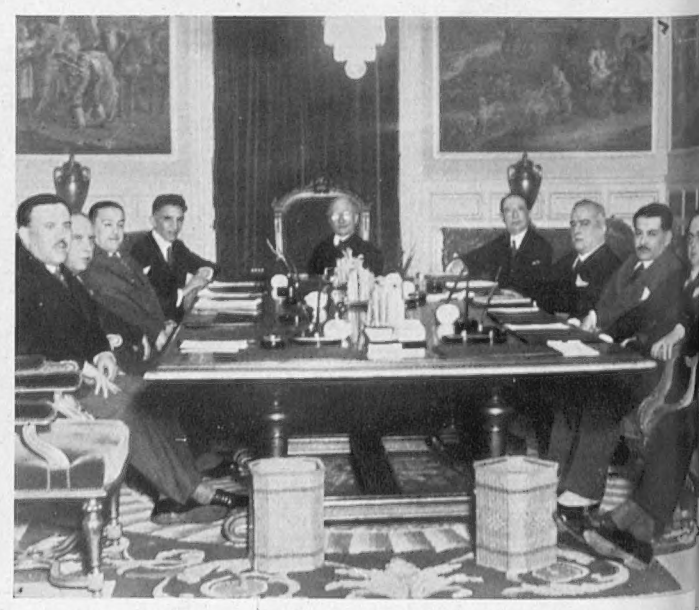


AFTER THE FRENCH RAILROAD CATASTROPHE AT POMPONNE: *Left*—The signal which failed to stop the Strasbourg express and which resulted in her telescoping the coaches of the Nancy train. If the mechanism had been working properly the fact that the signals were at danger would have automatically been recorded in the driver's cab. *Right*—M. Daubigny (driver) and M. Charpentier (fireman) of the Strasbourg express

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH AND LAST DAY OF THE REICHSTAG FIRE TRI The accused hearing the verdict in the Supreme Court at Leip Torgler, Dimitroff, Popoff, and Taneff, were acquitted, but Van der Lu (centre) was condemned to death for high treason. The latter sho no agitation when he heard his sentence. The three Bulgarians probably be expelled as undesirable aliens, but it is quite possible t Torgler will not be released for some time to come



REPAIRING ONE OF THE AUTOMATIC SIGNALS AT POMPONNE after it had been wrecked by the Strasbourg express. The French Minister of Justice stated in an interview that "there seems to be a blind faith in the efficacy of automatic signalling. During the experiments which I witnessed on the spot I found that in clear weather a driver had from twelve to thirteen seconds in which to see a signal, but in a fog he had perhaps only one second"

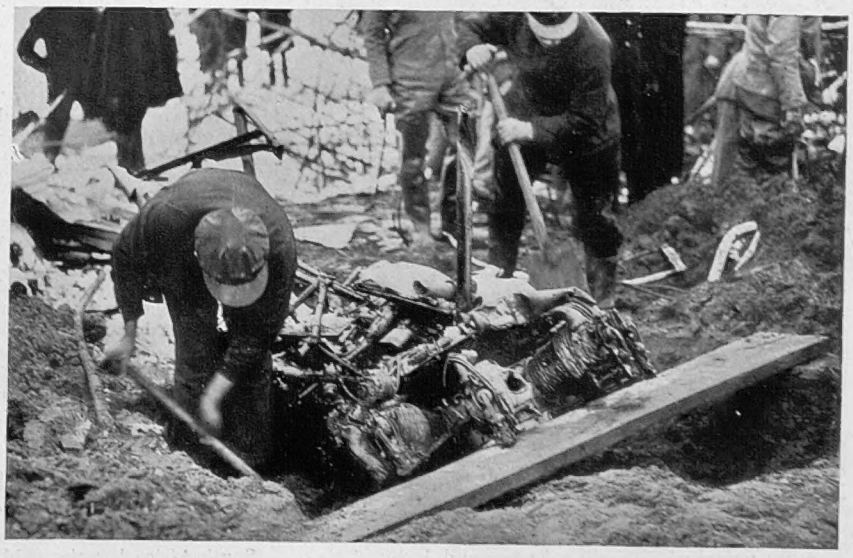


SPAIN'S NEW CABINET: Don Alejandro Lerroux and his colleagues who t into office following the resignation of Señor Martinez Barrios. Th the sixth new Spanish Government since the fall of the monarch

HE AIR DISASTER IN BELGIUM: The wireless mast at Ruysselede into which the Imperial Airways air-liner, *Apollo*, crashed last Saturday when lost in a dense fog while en route from Cologne to Croydon. Two minutes after it struck the ground the machine burst into flames. Seven of the ten victims of the disaster were British

E YARD FROM SAFETY: This section of one of the wings of the wrecked air-liner was found some 50 yards from the rest of the machine. From this it appears that the pilot had managed to swerve the main body of his 'plane away from the mast, and it was only the wing tip that came in contact with the obstacle. One of the saddest stories of the disaster was that of Miss Maureen Desmond who had spent Christmas in Germany and who had so enjoyed herself that she obtained permission to stay away from her office for another week. But for this she would not have travelled in the ill-fated 'plane

THE WRECKED WIRELESS MAST: Clearing away the debris on the morning after the disaster. The mast carried a warning light at the top, but this was without doubt obscured by the denseness of the fog



DIGGING OUT THE ENGINE OF THE AIR LINER after the 300-ft. drop, which resulted in its becoming embedded in the ground

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE HISTORY OF 1933

A Survey of Dramatic Events at Home and Abroad

GREAT BRITAIN entered 1933 with hope and uncertainty. Statesmen talked optimism; but they had done likewise at the New Years of 1931 and 1932, which brought no recovery. Trade was slightly better at the turn of 1932–33, and unemployment slightly worse.

In the outcome, Britain greatly improved her lot, and stayed stable, while violent changes happened in other countries (especially the U.S. and Germany).

In JANUARY an influenza epidemic killed 3,000 in three weeks, and during a single week laid up a quarter of the population in various towns.

National hue and cry after a jobbing builder, sometime Black and Tan, with the ominous name of Furnace, followed a remarkable murder. A shot corpse found under the desk in Furnace's London office, after it was burned down, was first identified as his own, and then as that of his rent collector. Furnace dodged the police for a fortnight, but was captured in a Southend boarding-house by a detective disguised as a street musician. The curtain to melodrama came when, after making a confession, he committed suicide with hydrochloric acid while closely guarded in prison.

In MARCH sensation came from a London court-martial on Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders, charged with collecting information useful to an enemy, and communicating, or attempting to communicate, such information. Tales were told in court of meetings, during a Berlin holiday, with a glamorous girl called "Marie Louise," lovemaking in dance halls and by the Wannsee, later week-end trips to meet Marie Louise in Holland, the receipt from Marie Louise of £90 in banknotes, letters signed by pseudonyms, mysterious jottings on scraps of paper, and a mysterious go-between named Otto Waldemar Obst. The accused officer admitted receiving money from Marie Louise, but said it was for personal services, and not for military information. He was found guilty on seven of the ten charges, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

Four Englishmen reached London from Moscow on St. George's Day, after weeks of trial and imprisonment that set in motion vast British indignation against the Soviet Government. The O.G.P.U. charged six Britons and twelve Russians (employees of the Metropolitan Vickers Company) with acts that might involve the death penalty—espionage, wrecking, collecting secret information of military importance, and bribing State employees for counter-revolutionary sabotage. The British Government, insisting that the charges were fantastic, issued despatches from the Ambassador in Moscow, who referred to long night-sessions of questioning in isolated cells, confessions extorted under threats, attempted suborning by bribes and female wiles, confrontation with Russians terrorized into lying, deliberate twisting of innocent statements to give them criminal meanings. The Britons, in fact, were being persecuted to divert attention from mechanical failure under the Russian Five Year Plan. Five Englishmen pleaded not guilty at the Moscow trial, but their haggard, nerve-wracked companion, Mr. Macdonald, first pleaded guilty, then not guilty, and finally guilty again, after an interval with his guards. Suggestions of threats and undue influence were applied to his contradictions. Mr. Monkhouse, head of Metropolitan-Vickers in Russia, walked to the microphone and said: "I declare the whole trial is a frame up, constructed on entirely false confessions by terrorized Russians." Five of the six were found guilty, and two were sentenced to years of imprisonment.

The British Government then declined to renew the Anglo-Russian trade agreement and declared an embargo on 80 per cent. of Russian imports. (Three months later the two imprisoned Britons were released and deported, as a consideration for the renewal of negotiations for a new trade agreement.)

In JUNE not even the British Cabinet knew until the final hour what payment or non-payment would be made concerning the half-yearly tribute of War Debt to America, which had been denounced as impossible since German Reparations ceased to flow in 1932. Atlantic cables buzzed with proposals for hours before the Chancellor was to address the Commons. The time for his appearance passed amid cries of "We want Chamberlain!" He postponed his statement for five hours, and then for another twenty-four hours, pending President Roosevelt's reply to a Government Note. Ultimate announcement was that Britain had offered a payment on account of £1,000,000—one tenth of the full sum, and that this was not characterized as default. Among thirteen nations owing nearly £30,000,000 in War Debt instalments to America eight defaulted, including France and Italy. The rest followed Britain's example of part payment.

The much-heralded World Economic Conference met at the Geological Museum at South Kensington and was welcomed by the King. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald presided over proceedings intended to cope with a depression that affected 30,000,000 unemployed among the white races.

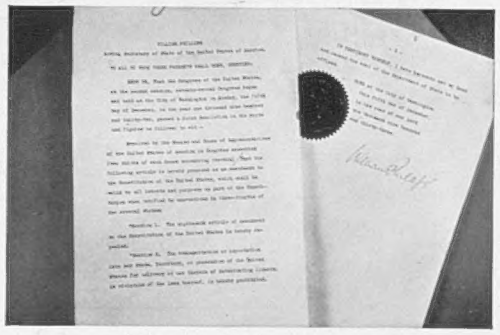
In JULY the World Conference finished a sterile course. It was buried on the 27th, but the death blow happened on the 1st. Mr. MacDonald gave the conference artificial respiration through his "Steering Committee," but nothing resulted except a minor agreement on the production and marketing of silver.

In AUGUST a heat-wave hit Great Britain and Western Europe. One London night was the hottest for ninety-two years. Bank Holiday brought a record number of road accidents (these increased dangerously throughout the year).

At the Old Bailey sixteen received sentences that totalled fifty years arising from a vast fire-raising conspiracy. It was the longest trial in British legal history, fifty-nine days being needed for proceedings, during which 100,000 documents were handled. £500,000 was said to have been netted by the conspirators through the fires they arranged in London, Manchester, and other cities.

Leopold Harris, head of the conspiracy, had organized the fires, put the claims through as assessor, and further profited as part-owner of a salvage business. After his sentence of fourteen years he signed for a Sunday paper his reminiscences, in which he stated that many unarrested persons, including some in positions of trust, were in the conspiracy. Another accused boasted that "the police and fire brigade are in it."

(Harris made statements in prison later, and Captain E. Miles, M.C., Chief of the London



THE HISTORIC DOCUMENT, which repealed the 18th Amendment and once again made liquor legal in the United States

Salvage Corps, was arrested and charged with conspiring with Harris to pervert the administration of justice. Tales of his relations with Captain Miles were told by Harris as witness, but the Salvage Chief resolutely denied guilt.)

In OCTOBER trade figures continued to rise and unemployment figures to fall. Conservatives had a lively party conference in Birmingham, at which many of the rank and file revolted against the official White Paper proposals for the new Indian Constitution.

In DECEMBER the country was cheered by surprisingly good trade and employment figures mentioned above. Christmas shopping was the briskest since 1928. The King, broadcasting round the Empire, spoke of "sober progress toward recovery."

IRELAND

President de Valera sprang a surprise general election during January, and before the Opposition parties could unite he thus obtained five further years of power. He indicated that he would not press for an immediate Republic; but he abolished the Oath of Allegiance and hastened to pass Bills abolishing the right of appeal to the Privy Council, removing important rights from the Governor-General, and removing the Royal power to reserve assent from legislation. The British Government gave warnings that it could not countenance a state whereby the Irish Free State retained its privileges as a member of the British Commonwealth, but repudiated its obligations as such.

The three Opposition groups amalgamated as a United Ireland Party under General O'Duffy, who was arrested for speaking in the proscribed Blue Shirt worn by his more militant followers, but who had to be released under a writ of habeas corpus.

BRITISH DOMINIONS

South Africa left the gold standard in January. It benefited by the increasing prices for gold in London, and otherwise moved toward recovery, despite the worst drought in living memory. General Hertzog's Nationalist Party and General Smuts' South African Party united to form a strong Coalition Government against a negligible Opposition.

Canada moved toward recovery, despite upsets because of the Canadian dollar's close link with the uneasy U.S. dollar. Australia regained much of her lost financial stability and balanced the Budget. New Zealand had an unexpected Budget surplus after an internal Conversion Scheme had been successful. Newfoundland was forced to declare a sort of Dominion bankruptcy, and put herself virtually in pawn to Great Britain. She agreed to suspend her parliamentary powers and be governed by a Royal Commission until her finances were made sound.

In India trade improved, the Civil Disobedience movement waned, and Mr. Gandhi declared fasts and went in and out of prison without attracting anything like the enthusiasm that was his in 1931 and 1932.

CONTINENTAL EUROPE

The political face of Europe was completely changed by the rise in GERMANY of Adolf Hitler and his swaggering Nazis. General von Schleicher resigned the Chancellorship in January after losing the confidence of President von Hindenburg, who agreed to Hitler's appointment as Chancellor of a Nazi-Nationalist ministry. The Nazi's heavy hand at once descended on all their opponents. Meetings were broken up, thousands were beaten, hundreds of newspapers were suppressed, political shootings multiplied.

Just before a General Election was due, the Reichstag building was mysteriously burned down. Nazi Ministers at once proclaimed that Communists were guilty of the outrage, and issued warrants for the arrest of over 100 Communist deputies, besides many Socialists. The private armies of Nazis and Nationalists were enrolled as armed, partisan police. Under these conditions the election brought Herr Hitler a huge majority. The new Reichstag passed an Enabling Bill giving him powers of dictatorship for four years and then dissolved itself. The post-War Constitution of Weimar vanished with the Republican flag.

The Nazis, needing a scapegoat for the sorry state of Germany, fastened on the Versailles Treaty, which would have to be revised, and on the Jews, who were persecuted for having "debased the German race." Thousands of Jews were detained and beaten, scores were assassinated. Another Jewish exodus came into being across the German frontiers. World Judea declared financial war on Germany; boycotts of German goods happened in Britain, America, and elsewhere. The Nazis replied with a forced boycott of all Jewish shops, lasting over several days. Jewish doctors and lawyers were forbidden to practise, Jewish officials and professors were dismissed.

The Nazis seized the funds of the trade unions, absorbed their own allies (the Nationalist Steel Helmets), suppressed the Socialist party, the Catholic Centre party, and even the boy scouts—German youth, like everything else, was to be a Nazi monopoly. Herr Hitler foreshadowed a Four-Year Plan involving Labour conscription for all, a gigantic public programme and control of the banking system. Extract from his May Day speech made before 1,500,000, beneath converging searchlights in the Berlin aerodrome: "Lord, make us free. We want to work in brotherhood until the time comes when we step before Him and say, 'Lord, Thou seest that we have changed. The German people is no longer a people of dishonour or timidity and little faith. No, Lord, the German people is become strong again.'"

Nazi Germany next divided Europe at the sixteen months' old Disarmament Conference in Geneva. Her representative torpedoed the British plan. German Ministers made sabre-rattling speeches that put back the militaristic clock to 1914. War fears spread through France, England, and Central Europe. A peace proclamation from President Roosevelt "to the kings, presidents, and potentates" of fifty-four nations had a salutary effect. Chancellor Hitler made a mainly peaceful speech in the Reichstag, and tension relaxed.

Nazi Germany concentrated during the summer on consolidation. Outside her frontiers she bullied only Austria, whom she determined to absorb. Austria's resolute Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, used Fascist methods against Nazi violence inside and outside his realm. Surviving an attempt at assassination, he managed during 1933 to maintain complete independence for Austria.

Unable to get Franco-British consent for the arms equality which she demanded, Germany stamped out of the Disarmament Conference, resigned from the League of Nations, and prepared a referendum and general election to uphold these attitudes. The Nazis had an overwhelming majority.

(Continued on p. 32)

A WORLD SURVEY

A CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR RUSSIAN EMIGRANT CHILDREN IN GERMANY: The event was sponsored by the Russian Children's Relief Committee and the Russian Red Cross and held in the Marmorsaal of the Berlin Zoo. *Left*—Serving the guests with Christmas fare. *Right*—Madame Elizabeth von Davidoff receiving an illuminated address from the children in acknowledgment of her fourteen years of work on behalf of Russian emigrants

THE MAHARAJAH OF NATORE arriving for the Durbar at Calcutta at which Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, invested a number of Indian noblemen with titles

DEMOCRAT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC: Cardinal Hayes presenting Mr. Alfred E. Smith with the St. Bonaventure College Catholic Action medal which, in future, is to be awarded each year to the most outstanding (Roman) Catholic in the United States. Mr. Al Smith was nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic Party in 1928, but was defeated in the subsequent elections by Mr. Hoover

AT CALCUTTA DURBAR: Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, inspecting the Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion Norfolk Regiment. *Left*—RESTING AFTER HIS TRIUMPH: Mr. Korekuyo Takahashi, the aged Finance Minister in the Japanese Cabinet, chatting with Miss Eiko and Miss Myoko Takahashi on his return to his home after successfully carrying through the Budget proposals. The Saito Cabinet had been sharply divided over the insistent demands of the Army and Navy Departments for an increase in the Estimates, and it was rumoured early in December that Mr. Takahashi had been compelled to resign

THE MAGINOT LINE

A Material Expression of France's Demand for Securité

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE DEFENCE OF THE RHINE: One of the many block-houses which the French have built along the banks of the river and which form part of the great National Defensive System now being completed by M. Daladier, the Minister for War

A MACHINE-GUN BLOCKHOUSE NEAR THE RHINE: It is built almost entirely of concrete and extends many feet below the ground

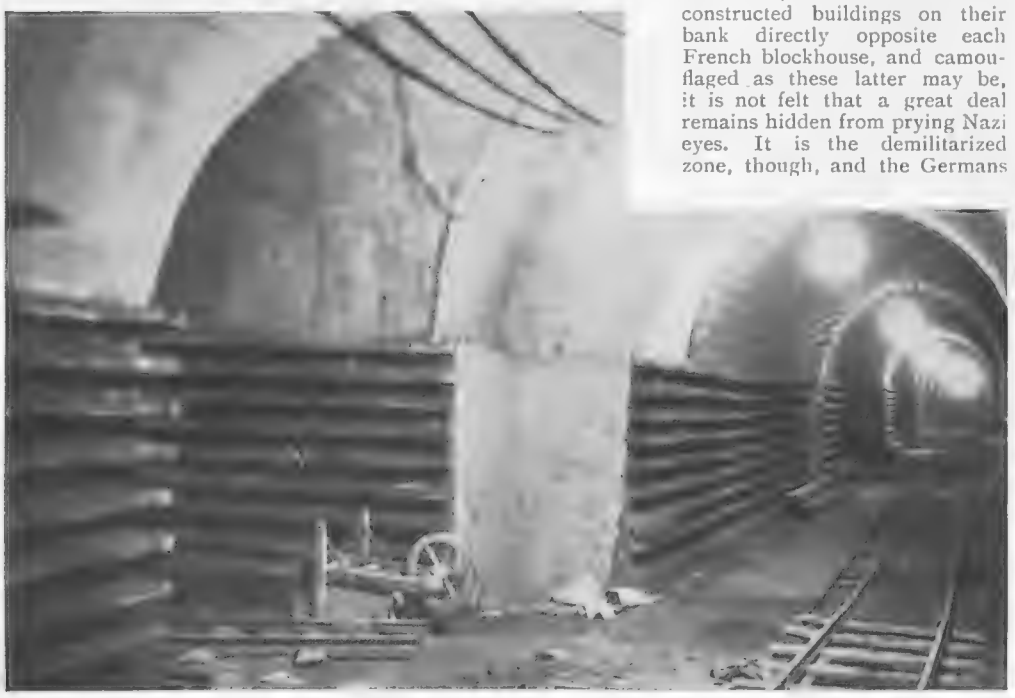
The almost casual announcement made by the French War Minister, M. Daladier, that it is proposed at once to extend to the sea the now famous eastern and north-eastern defences erected during the past four years at a cost variously estimated at between £80,000,000 and £100,000,000 (at par) means that the whole area fought over by the British and Belgian armies and by no fewer than three French armies will within two years be covered against possible hostile attack. The new works will be over 200 kilometres in length, reaching from the south-west corner of Luxemburg to Dunkirk, and they are expected to follow the line of the Belgian frontier irregularly at some miles distance—because it is a guiding principle with all these amazing defences, which will so soon spread out from Switzerland to the Straits of Dover, that every advantage be taken of the natural lie of the land and its physical characteristics. As an instance, when the sea is approached, the works will mainly run in and out of the canals and regions that can be speedily flooded. Needless to say, an immense army will find work over a long period—it is estimated that some 25,000 were employed building the defences to the south and which are now nearing completion—while the economic effect, despite the huge outlay, is another important aspect at the present time. If heavier taxation may come later, for the moment "business will march better" in several industrial spheres.

"From Switzerland to the sea!"

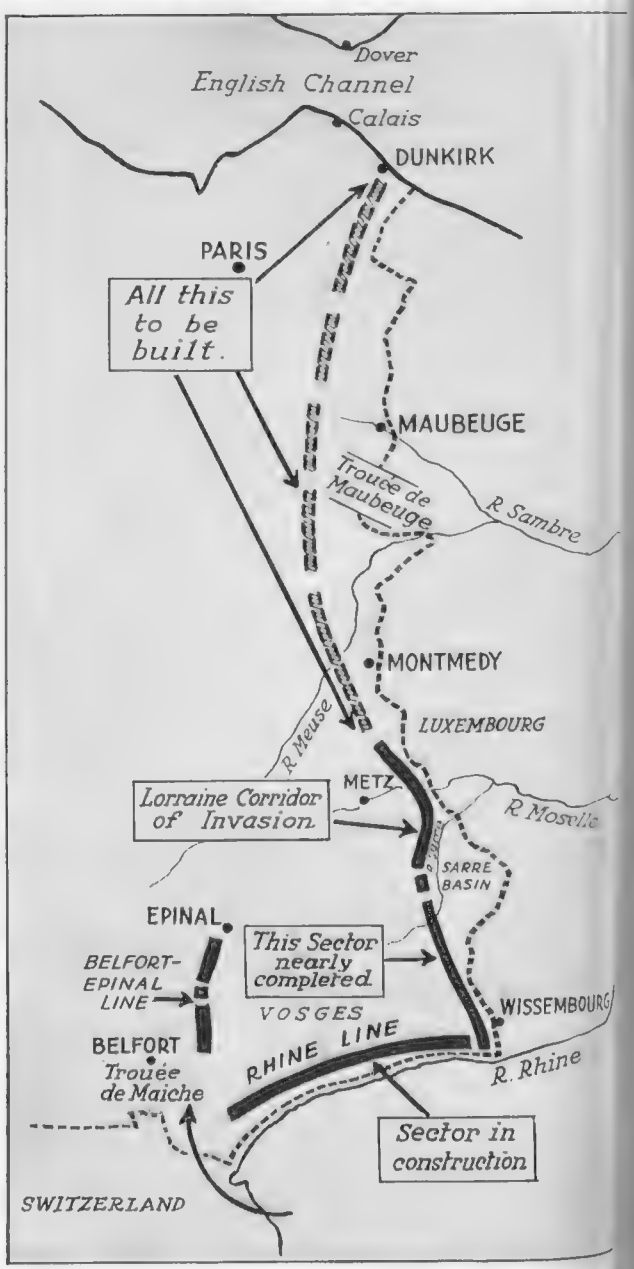
How many times has that sentence been used, chiefly in the German war bulletins? And to think that now, fifteen years after, we have come to erecting in the room of that continuous trench line of yore, which seemed such a wonder at the time, a non-stop barrier whose mammoth proportions will be as the Great Wall of China to a back-garden row of stones.

Even south of Luxemburg the work is by no means yet completed; but perhaps, if we journey up the whole 300 odd miles, a good bird's-eye view may present itself: . . .

The system begins with a gap which is about to be attended to consequent on birth of the fear that Germany might seek to invade France through Switzerland, thereby turning the French fortifications at their southernmost extremity. There is what is called "la trouée Haute-Alsace," and it is therefore proposed to extend the present Epinal-Belfort defences down to the plateau of Maiche. With this corner thus made safe we may advance to the Rhine and pick up the system proper. For close on 100 miles this proceeds up the banks of the river or else a quite short distance behind it. Formerly the Rhine often widened in flood to a breadth of three miles, and was virtually impassable. If, since then, the river has been narrowed and narrowed, it still constitutes a very formidable defensive barrier right away up to Lorraine. However, the Rhine is an international waterway, and so the French have been obliged to build their works along the banks, clean under the noses of the Germans. Often German survey boats moor 20 yards from a French work and take it in in detail. And nothing can be done about it. More than this, the Germans have constructed buildings on their bank directly opposite each French blockhouse, and camouflaged as these latter may be, it is not felt that a great deal remains hidden from prying Nazi eyes. It is the demilitarized zone, though, and the Germans



AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL IN THE FRENCH DEFENSIVE WORKS showing the positions prepared for the reception of the electric cables and the pipelines which will deliver compressed air to the guns



FROM DUNKIRK TO SWITZERLAND: A sketch map showing extent of the Maginot Line. Work on the northern sector, reaches to the Channel, is to be begun immediately

AT THE TUNNEL MOUTH: The entrance to one of the vast underground works on the Lorraine section of the Maginot Line. This part of the Line is almost complete

certainly have not yet attempted to build anything approaching the sturdy and concealed French river bank fortresses which sometimes are made to look like gardens and even barges, but which in reality are complete armour-plated works, powerfully weaponed and protected against a rise in the waters. In the country behind are intermittent and smaller works; but the general system here is not at its strongest by any means, and for three reasons—the Rhine as barrier, the extensive garrison always maintained in Strasbourg, and the impregnable line of the Vosges, now held, not far in the rear, by France. Even if the Rhine were crossed, it is believed that strategically the Vosges defences would triumph over any offensive. In passing, the idea of war is very present in these parts. On the French side of the bridge leading from Strasbourg over to Kehl are no fewer than three concrete machine-gun nests, one planted in the middle of the main road so that all traffic has to go round it.

We now come to the defensive chain blocking the so-called Lorraine "corridor of invasion," and this is the extreme expression yet achieved of fortifications anywhere in the world. Metz has to be covered as nodal point, while the iron and steel region situate just behind has also to be held at all costs—the famous Briey basin which was of such value to the invading Germans in 1914-18. The plain of Lorraine has ever proved the danger-point in history. The core of the entire gigantic system is accordingly here and for a hundred kilometres along the Saar and Luxemburg frontiers. As the former is liable to again become German, and Luxemburg was violated once and may be again, the French are taking no risks, but running the line continuously towards Belgium and the sea.

One sees hardly anything. A hill lies yonder, covered with trees, and on it a rounded steel surface barely protruding. Down below is a large chamber from which heavy guns can be hoisted by electricity to fire several rounds quickly and then sink from view again into safety alike from shell and bomb. Similarly, machine-gun nests can be hoisted up and down outside what look like harmless slopes.

Here is a massive, concrete affair built into the hillside. Workmen swarm in and out of an aperture which conducts into a central gallery of stone, and this in turn branches off to many advance posts sunk away left and right and entirely invulnerable from above. Along the central gallery are all the gadgets, munitions, and apparatus of defence of the subterranean citadel: machinery for lifting and lowering the guns, a railway, an anti-gas ventilation system which maintains the atmosphere at higher pressure than the air above. The lighting, cooking, and heating are all electrical. Another feature are immense steel doors which can be closed progressively against an oncoming assailant on the same principle as watertight compartments at sea.

All round the forts, whose trajectories constantly intersect, is heavy barbed wire sunk in concrete. The two great defences are the Hochwald, near Wissembourg, and the Hackenberg by Metz, but whereas the former is the one open defensive work—a circle of steel and cement enclosing a hill-top two miles long—the second is an entirely underground construction. What you really see most of the time is a string of domed steel pill-boxes—very large—every three or four miles. And then something more "colossal," such as the Hochwald.

The men of all arms who will man these forts are already living on the spot, in barracks a few kilometres in rear, and they are even now actively training in the subterranean works themselves. In the way of reserves it is planned to call considerably on the reservists of the countryside, who will thus not only be immediately on the spot but, as it were, defending their own front doors.

A most elaborate counter-espionage system prevails, but there have already been several score arrests, mainly of Alsatians engaged on the digging and other work.

And now the line is to be continued up to the sea under the ægis of M. Daladier, who really might have given his name to the whole, although the great system looks like being known as the Maginot Line, after the War Minister who started it.

It is expected that immediate work will be on a second and dangerous gap, that of the Sambre and Oise rivers, centring on Maubeuge, whose antiquated forts the Germans destroyed before retiring. The French would greatly like the Belgians to construct a replica of the fortifications existing to the south, both round Mons (covering Maubeuge) and farther to the north, protecting the wide Flanders plain. But the Belgians have not shown themselves greatly inclined to run to such expense, preferring to concentrate on their own "gap," from Namur up through the Ardennes to the region of Aachen and adjacent to Dutch Limburg. So it looks as if the French must be responsible for the remainder of the chain up to the Dunkirk water-land.

And so France will one day soon sit permanently, from day to day, in active readiness to receive an intruder. From Switzerland to the sea! And even that is not all, for from Modane down to Menton there are Alpine fortifications all the way.

Will these astonishing defences serve as a preventative of hostilities or are they likely to beckon the latter? Were not the defensive works of Verdun and elsewhere smashed to smithereens last time? And is not that spectre, the next war, destined to be decided swiftly in the air? These are questions which have been given very great attention. It was Marshal Pétain who pointed out some years ago that three-quarters of Verdun's forts remained workable, and that it was the human element that gave out—knocked silly. Sink and protect the defending troops better and they will prevail. So runs that part of the argument. As for swiftly decisive air raids on big towns and centres, the French argue that they can be reciprocal, whereas no one can really reduce a country without marching into it in force. Hence the Maginot Line. Hence also, perhaps, some day, a corresponding line opposite in the demilitarized zone, mutual checkmating executed by these neighbourly foes.

A CONCRETE AND STEEL CUPOLA ready to be placed in position above an underground military post

BUILDING THE CUPOLA INTO THE GROUND: It is firmly embedded and, when completed, vegetation will be allowed to grow over it

A CONCRETE SHAFT designed for raising guns to the surface to take the enemy by surprise

A JOURNEY THROUGH LITTLE-KNOWN SOUTH-WESTERN ARABIA

A BEDUIN WOMAN OF HARIB: The Arab women wear clothes woven from locally grown cotton, and delight to dye them with indigo

A RUINED CASTLE OF TARIM: One of the many picturesque old buildings in the desert city

THE DESERT CITY OF TARIM: It is built almost entirely of mud and clay and, at time inhabitants had not known rain for five years. Compare the buildings in this pic with where they are shown during the phenomenal cloudburst whi

AFTER A NIGHT OF STORM AND THUNDER: The mud and clay building rain. During the night seventeen houses collapsed, the interior walls and a part of the city wall was washed away. In spite of this, the occa of water is usually the greatest problem

On my journey across Southern Arabia I met with many strange experiences, b none which impressed me more than the rainstorm I encountered in Tarim, the capital of the Hadhramaut.

I was travelling over the ancient caravan route that leads across the Hadhramaut and the Rub al Khali Desert; my starting point was the beautiful harbour city o Mukalla, on the Indian Ocean, my goal the port of Hodeida on the Red Sea. Between the two lie all the sun-baked mystery, the primitive beauty of Southern Arabia— endless sandy wastes, bare rocks, the straggling line of a caravan, huddled villages; then the wonder city of the desert, Shibam, with its white buildings, some of them fourteen stories high, looking to the astonished traveller for all the world like a miniature Chicago, and farther on, across the borders of Yemen, Sanaa, the forbidden city that was once ruled by the Queen of Sheba herself.

A Phenomenal Thunderstorm Over the Mud and Clay City of Tarim : Shibam — A Miniature Chicago in the Midst of the Desert

time when this picture was taken, the with those in the view immediately below, almost washed away the city

PREPARING INDIGO DYE: This is made from the seeds of a small green shrub which is allowed to ferment into a dark blue liquid in earthenware pots

A MEMBER OF THE BODYGUARD OF THE SULTAN OF MUKALLA: It was through the Sultan's friendly attitude that exploration in the Hadhramaut territory was first made possible in the nineteenth century

rim sodden and disfigured by the actically every home were damaged, as one for rejoicing as the shortage habitants have to face

YOUNG WOMEN OF HARIB, one of the centres of the indigo industry. The women dye both their faces and their clothes

A MINARET IN TARIM: Another picture taken before the cloudburst which seriously damaged the city

THE WONDER CITY OF THE DESERT: Shibam, which, with its many storeyed white buildings, has been described as a miniature Chicago

After a tiring day's travelling I was thankful enough to climb from my camel and call a halt at Tarim, which boasts no skyscraper houses or Sheban relics, but is governed by the friendly family of Al Kaft, in whose palace I lodged for several days.

The city was parched and arid, like all desert cities, the vegetation brown and shrivelled by the sun, yet the last thing the inhabitants dreamt of was

(Continued on p. 28)

KING IBN SAUD: The most outstanding figure in Arabia to-day

LORD OF THE ARABIAN PENINSULA?

The Future of Ibn Saud, whose Dispute with the Imam Yehia may Lead Eventually to his Domination of the whole of Southern Arabia

The difference between the map of pre-War Europe and that of post-War Europe is great, but not so great as the difference between the map of pre-War Arabia and that of Arabia to-day. For before the War the whole of Arabia was part of the Ottoman Empire. Only in the south-west of the Peninsula, in the mountainous land of the Yemen, was there any real independence of the Turks, and even there the Imam owed allegiance to the Sultan-Caliph's Government at Constantinople.

But now Arabia is split up into several States, some wholly independent, others less so. Bordering the Mediterranean are Syria and Palestine, respectively under French and British mandate. East of Palestine is Transjordan, where since 1921 the Emir Abdullah, one of the sons of the Sherif Hussein who helped the British during the War, has been reigning under a British mandate (Palestine and Transjordan are under one mandate, but the articles relating to a "Jewish National Home" do not apply to Transjordan). Between Transjordan and the Persian mountains lies Iraq, which was ruled by the late King Faisal from 1921 to 1933, which entered the League of Nations in 1932, and which to-day enjoys an independence safeguarded by a Treaty of Alliance with Great Britain.

British influence is dominant in Arabia, and anything that happens therein must, therefore, be of direct or indirect interest to this country.

The more interesting though less developed part of Arabia lies, however, to the south of these tutored States. In that huge tract of land south of a line drawn roughly between Aqaba, at the top of the Red Sea, and Basrah, at the top of the Persian Gulf, two strong men now rule, utterly and demonstrably independent. They are King Ibn Saud of the Hejaz-Nejd—now known as Saudia—and the Imam Yehia of the Yemen. At the moment a bitter quarrel divides these two great Arabs.

The territory of King Ibn Saud stretches from Persian Gulf to Red Sea, and it was scarcely to be expected that in establishing so mighty a domain he should not have had troubles with his neighbours, more particularly as his northern neighbours are none other than the scions of his old and hated rival, the Sherif Hussein, whom he ousted from the Hejaz nine years ago. Over the Iraq-Nejd frontier disputes have been frequent. In 1928, indeed, they reached such a pitch as to make all the bazaars of the Middle East buzz with rumours of a vast Arabian war, a "Holy War," in fact, in which the Wahhabis of Ibn Saud would cheerfully risk the chance of a swift Paradise in combat with the "infidels" of Iraq.

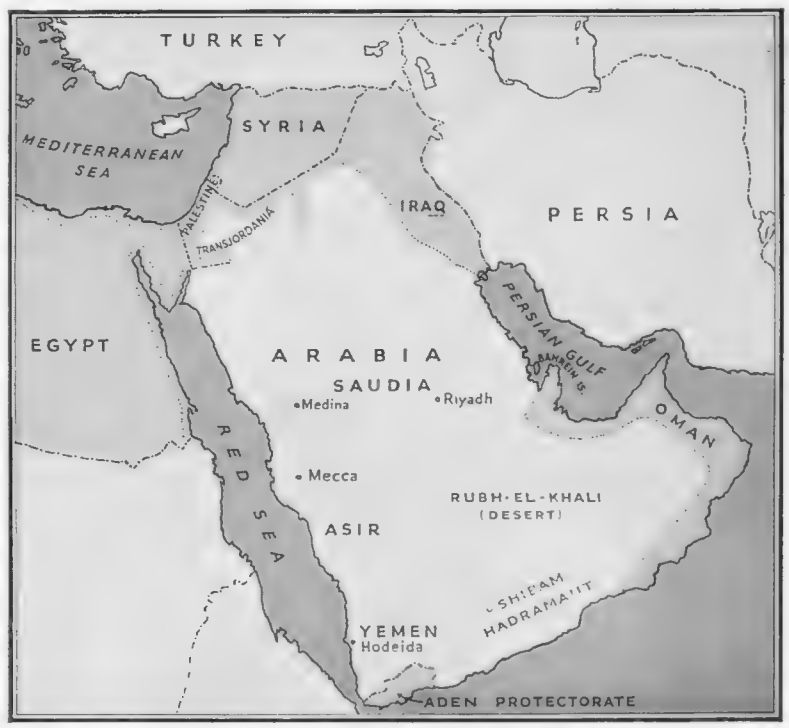
But rumour outran fact. Ibn Saud is a consummate statesman. Instead of a futile war with Iraq, guarded as it was (and is) by the Royal Air Force, he chose the path of peace, and in 1930 there came about the historic meeting, on board a British vessel in the Persian Gulf, between King Faisal and the Wahhabi leader. The peace that followed that meeting was confirmed by a treaty between the two Arab kings, and since that time the Iraq-Nejd frontier has remained tranquil.

The Nejd-Transjordan frontier troubles proved even less easy to solve. Between the tribesmen of Transjordan and those of Nejd there had been long enmity, an enmity which the Emir Abdullah, less skilled in diplomacy and less of a realist than was his young brother, Faisal, could scarcely bring himself to discourage. Gradually, however, he came to listen to the voice of reason, and only a few months ago a comprehensive treaty, containing special provisions for the settlement of border disputes, was signed by Transjordan and Saudia.

With all his neighbours, except one, in fact—and including the various petty chiefs who rule over the sheikhdoms on the Persian Gulf—Ibn Saud is now in cordial relations. But the exception is significant and considerable. It is the Yemen, over which, in proud defiance or neglect of world opinion, the Imam Yehia rules with autocratic sway.

Now the Imam Yehia is indisputably one of the most picturesque monarchs in the world. Like Ibn Saud, he has never been outside the borders of Arabia, but unlike the Wahhabi King, he is unrepresented abroad. But he is in treaty relations with such countries as Soviet Russia and Italy, and some half-dozen years ago he sent his son, the Heir-Apparent, Prince Seif ul Islam, on a mission to Rome.

His country is the delectable land which the Romans called "Arabia Felix." It is so old a country that the Queen of Sheba, who was intimately connected with it, may be said to have been a comparatively late arrival. Many a civilization spread from its immemorial hills. Now it is entirely Muslim (except for a strange Jewish community), though it once contained a Christian kingdom that was persecuted by a Jewish general before the advent of Islam in the seventh century A.D.



MODERN ARABIA: This sketch map shows the territory of King Ibn Saud, which is known as Saudia and stretches from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, and that of the Imam Yehia who rules with autocratic sway over the Yemen. The latter lays claim to the whole of the Aden Protectorate, but at the present moment is in dispute with Ibn Saud over the possession of the "buffer State" of Asir

There are no railways and few roads in the Yemen. The capital of this inaccessible land is Sanaa, whence the Imam rules as his forbears have done for centuries. He is indeed both temporal and spiritual leader of his people, who are known as Zaidi Muslims. A theocrat who thinks in the terms of the Middle Ages, the Imam Yehia is chary about the advance of progressive ideas into his domain.

But anything that aids his personal powers is allowed entry. Thus he obtains from the West arms and ammunition for his well-trained Army—his chief pride in life—and there is in Sanaa a wireless station for his own use. But he will not tolerate European penetration, though he would dearly like the revenues accruing from the exploitation of the considerable potentialities of his country.

His conceptions of the rightful boundaries of his State are peculiar. Thus he lays claim to the whole of the Aden Protectorate, which is now administered by the British—in 1928 the R.A.F. had a little war with him over this matter—to the vast land bordering the Indian Ocean known as the Hadhramaut, and to parts of the provinces of Asir and Nejran which for some years now have been under the administration of the Wahhabis.

More than once he has tried to filch land from the British. Now, as if despairing of farther progress in the South, he turns his eye to the Wahhabi lands of the North.

It is primarily over the possession of Asir and Nejran, indeed, the buffer lands between the Hejaz-Nejd and the Yemen, that the present war has arisen. Yemeni troops have actually occupied territory which the Wahhabis consider to be rightfully part of Saudia. But Nejran is, so to speak, a side-show. It is Asir which is the real bone of contention.

This narrow strip of territory has a curious history. Asir has long been different from the rest of Arabia. In the Turco-Italian war of 1911, for instance, its ruler, the Idrisi, supported the Christian Power against his Muslim overlords. In the Great War, again, it was the first Arab State to join up with the Allies against the Turks: that was early in 1915—well before the Sherifian revolt with which the name of "T. E. Lawrence" is inseparably connected. After the War, the British, in their gratitude to Asir, gave to this province certain ports, and notably Hodeida, that previously belonged to the Imam of the Yemen, who throughout the War remained loyal to the Turks. These in subsequent years the Imam reconquered. Now he wants more.

There is a world of difference between the mountaineers of the Yemen and the plainsmen of Nejd. This results not merely from the conflicting notions of their respective leaders. It springs also from the fact that, whereas the Imam's subjects are Zaidis, belonging to the Shiah section of Islam, the Wahhabis adhere to the strictest school of the Sunni division of Islam. To the Sunni, the Zaidi would almost prefer a Christian or a Jew; to the Wahhabi, there is no man more despicable than a Zaidi.

It is a cleavage, the roots of which lie deep in the past, but *in Arabia the past is the present*, and this scission is as sharp to-day as ever it was.

The conception of mutual toleration has no existence in this primitive land. Even in the Yemen itself there are Sunni tribes against whom the Zaidi soldiers have constantly to pit themselves.

The field is now set for the real struggle between the Yemenis and the Wahhabis. The commanders on either side are royal princes: for the Yemen, the Emir Seif ul Islam, and for Ibn Saud, his second son, the Emir Faisal.

What are the prospects? In the opinion of most observers, there is little probability of any crushing result. The Imam's troops are admirably disciplined and well-equipped; King Ibn Saud's *Ikhwan* (Brethren) are fanatical in their ardour, and have been tried successfully in many a desert encounter.

But the Yemenis, incomparable warriors though they are in their own mountain heights, would pine and languish in the burning plains; nor is it thought that the Nejdi fighters could triumphantly cope with the Zaidis in unaccustomed hills. Even the flower of the Turkish Army failed to do that. King Climate, then, is likely to play the Joker. It is the old story of the elephant and the whale. Admittedly, the Yemenis have never been tackled from the North, and there are those in Mecca who optimistically envisage, as the outcome of this strife, the incorporation of the whole of the Yemen under the ægis of King Ibn Saud.

The Arabs have a proverb: "The Yemen is the cradle of the Arab race; the Iraq is its grave." The Imam Yehia, apparently, aims at being the first Arab of his time. Will he find in the cradle of his race the grave of his aspirations?

K. W.

THE YOUNG KING OF IRAQ, who succeeded to the throne on the death of King Faisal in September of last year. He was educated at Harrow

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CRUSOES

Lone Dwellers on the North Sea Island of Memmert—A German Bird Sanctuary

PREVENTING COAST EROSION: Herr Lege, who lives with his family on the little island of Memmert, where he is in charge of the bird sanctuary, is seen in this picture engaged in planting grasses which bind the land together and save it from being washed away

THE RETURN OF THE HUNTER: A delightful evening study on the shores of the island of Memmert. After his day's work Herr Lege frequently goes out with his gun in search of hare

WHERE ONLY THE CRY OF THE GULLS DISTURBS THE SOLITUDE: Another view taken on the shores of the island. Memmert has been a bird sanctuary for twelve years

GREETING THE RELIEF 'PLANE, which at regular intervals flies over the island and drops food supplies for the keeper of the sanctuary and his family

A LINK WITH THE CONTINENT: The Lege family listening to the day's wireless news

ON FRIENDLY TERMS: The birds have practically no fear of people, and do not mind being touched by Herr Lege

Lent by His Majesty the King

"QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN," BY JOHANN ZOFFANY: The background for this picture is the Queen's dressing-room at old Buckingham House. The Princess Royal is in Oriental costume and the Prince is dressed as a Roman soldier. Zoffany's skill lay chiefly in dramatic scenes and conversation pieces which were always full of life and character. He was born at Ratisbon in 1733 and at an early age ran away to study painting in Rome. In 1758 he came over to England and, although on the verge of starvation for some months, rapidly established a reputation when opportunity offered. He was of a restless disposition and travelled considerably both on the Continent and in India. He died in 1810, at Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick

BRITISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

Conversation Pieces by Four Notable Artists of the Eighteenth Century

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Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill

"MUSIC PARTY," BY JOSEPH FRANCIS NOLLEKENS (1702–1748): A detail from a picture which probably represents Earl Tylney and his friends on the terrace at Wanstead House. The artist, who was commonly called "Old Nollekens," is said to have died from a nervous illness resulting from dread of losing his property. *Right.*—"A TEA PARTY AT THE COUNTESS OF PORTLAND'S," BY CHARLES PHILLIPS: The picture is dated 1732, when the artist was only twenty-four years of age. It is being lent to the Burlington House Exhibition by the Duke of Portland

Lent by the Marquis of Cholmondeley

"GEORGE, 3RD EARL OF CHOLMONDELEY, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN": This library scene by Hogarth was executed in 1732, some five years after he had first begun to turn his attention seriously to oil painting. Hogarth was born in 1697, and has a unique position among British artists both as a pictorial chronicler of life and manners and as a satirist and humorist on canvas

BRITISH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

Portraiture at the Winter Exhibition

Lent by the Birmingham Art Gallery

"MATTHEW BOULTON," BY L. F. ABBOTT: The artist was the son of a Leicestershire clergyman and started work in London in 1780. He died insane in 1803. Boulton (1728–1809) took James Watts into partnership, and in 1769 established a manufactory for steam engines which proved remunerative only after eighteen anxious years

Lent by the Royal Academy

"JOHN GIBSON," BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER: The artist, who was born in London in 1802, began exhibiting at the Academy when only thirteen. Landseer painted but few portraits, of which the most notable is that of Sir Walter Scott. John Gibson (1790–1866), the subject of this painting, was a sculptor and a Royal Academician

Lent by the Royal Academy

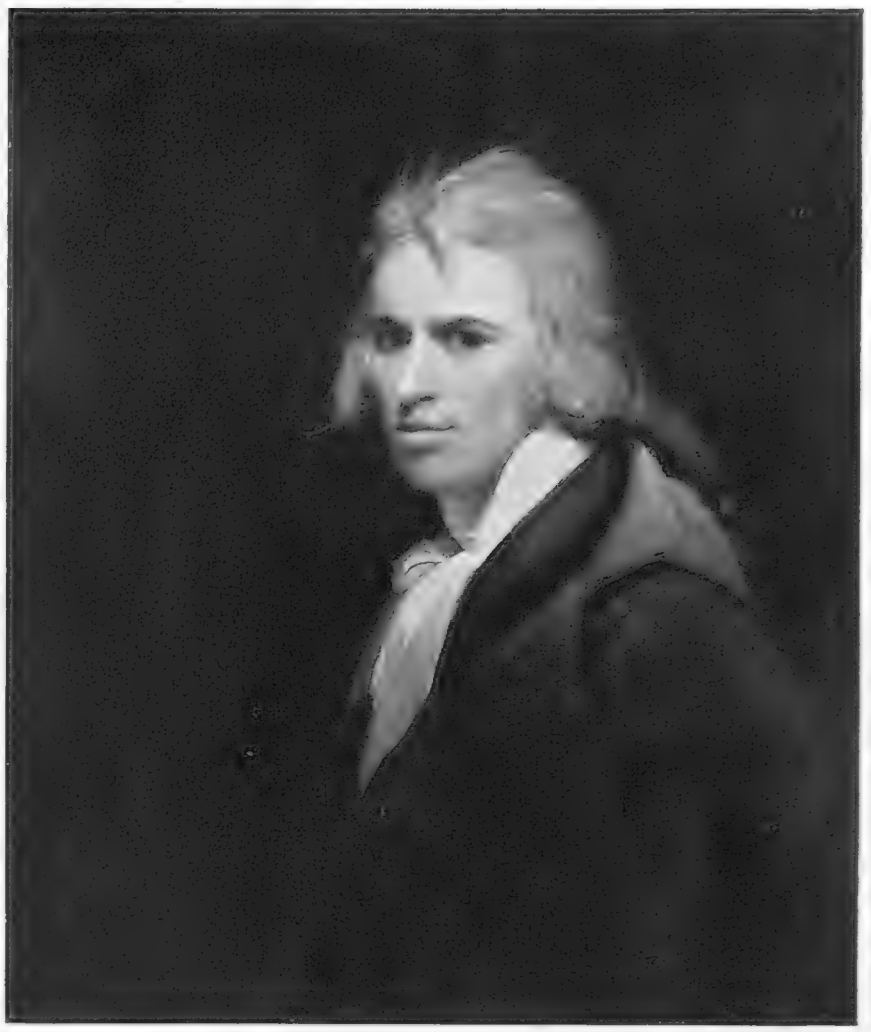
"CHILDREN," BY THE REV. MATTHEW WILLIAM PETERS: Peters was born in 1742 in the Isle of Wight, worked in Italy, Dublin, and London, and died at Brasted in 1814. This is his diploma work which he deposited on his election as Royal Academician in 1777

Lent by the Earl of Sandwich

"THE HON. GEORGE MONTAGU, AFTERWARDS EARL OF SANDWICH": Richard Livesey, the artist, was born in London about 1750, and worked at Windsor and Portsmouth. While at Windsor he was much employed in painting portraits of young Etonians. The subject is shown in Eton Montem costume as a salt bearer

Lent by the Kenyon Trustees

"LADY KENYON," BY JOHN HOPPNER: Margaret Emma (1785-1815), only daughter of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., of Hanmer, Flintshire, married in 1803 George 2nd Baron Kenyon. The artist, who entered the Royal Academy schools in 1775, was Lawrence's rival as a fashionable portrait painter



Lent by the Royal Academy

"THE ARTIST," BY RICHARD WESTALL: As a young man Westall was apprenticed to an heraldic engraver on silver. While thus employed he studied at an evening school of art with such success that he was able to exhibit at the Royal Academy at the age of nineteen. For several years he shared a house with Thomas Lawrence

Lent by His Majesty the King

"LORD SPENCER HAMILTON," BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY: Wheatley was born in 1747 and was the son of a master tailor. He was a man of extravagant habits, and latterly was so afflicted with gout that he was compelled to become a pensioner of the Royal Academy

Lent by Earl Stanhope

"PHILIP DORMER," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH: Philip Dormer, 4th Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773) was Ambassador to The Hague, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Secretary of State for the Northern Department, and author of the famous "Letters" to his son which were published in 1774. It is a striking example of male portraiture by the great English master

WHEN VEHICULAR TRAFFIC HAS TO WAIT ITS TURN: Cattle on their way to Dublin Market

A BUSY SCENE IN DUBLIN MARKET, which is generally regarded as the largest of its kind in Europe

TYPES WHO COME TO DUBLIN: The men who throng the market every Thursday

THURSDAY IN DUBLIN

A Cattle Market that Paralyses the City's Traffic, and Some Notes on the Present Position of the Farming Industry by an Irishman

BUYER AND SELLER shaking hands after a transaction

THE ARTS OF PERSUASION: A farmer drawing attention to the merits of his pigs

A SHEEP BUYER examining a potential purchase

Every Thursday, Dublin, the sophisticated capital of the Irish Free State, assumes the appearance of a market town.

For the city is full of buffeting, lowing cattle which have come from all parts of the country to be sold at the cattle market. This is reckoned to be the largest cattle market in Europe and is responsible for the export of nearly a million cattle annually.

With the exception of the main streets, all routes leading from the railway stations to the cattle market are chock full of cattle, to which all traffic has to give way.

They are driven on by great husky men who carry on a banter with the cattle as if they were human. Queer Gælic words are bandied hither and thither, and rural types are seen in the streets that bring a flavour of Ireland's quiet pasture lands to a city of automobiles, trams, talkie cinemas, and flashing neon signs

Now and again the huge form of a bull struggling at the end of a rope clears a way for himself and causes a minor panic on pavement and road. He is eventually quietened, but not by tugs at the ring in his nose, but by some words in Gaelic whispered close to his ear.

Tram drivers clang their bells furiously as the cattle surge round, whilst motor drivers halt perplexed until the wave passes. The city's traffic is practically paralysed in the streets leading from the railway stations to the market.

The procession starts early in the morning, and you can hear the thud of hooves rising high above traffic noises. Along they come, buffeting and lowing, while schoolchildren, with satchels under their arms, stand half-frightened on the pavement waiting to cross the street to school.

A policeman waves his hand and the buffeting, scrambling cattle are halted. One or two, perhaps, escape from the main body, and after a mild frolic on the unfamiliar pavement they return to the fold, urged by the coaxings of the driver.

Occasionally one has to be chased out of a shop, or perhaps stands on the pavement, gazing foolishly at his sister's carcase hanging from a butcher's hook.

The cattle market is situated out in the heart of the Dublin suburbs, near the Phœnix Park. It is here that the daylong barter begins with the English buyers, and the cattle are shipped across water the same night.

Meanwhile the cattle drivers stand outside the railings of the market and crack jokes among themselves about the be-spatted city men who stride proudly by.

As the North Circular Road, where the cattle market is situated, lies on the border where the Dublin suburbs straggle into the countryside, many convenient pasture fields are used to house the cattle over night.

These are the cattle which come from long distances and arrive the previous night. Residents in this district awake on Thursday to find that the apparently waste land near their houses has been transformed into a cattle ranch overnight.

Late on Thursday afternoon, just as children are leaving school, the cattle procession starts all over again. This time it is in a southerly direction, down an almost straight road, which bisects the city, to the docks, where the cross-Channel boat awaits to tranship them.

This year has not, however, been a good one for cattle farmers, for the British retaliatory tariff on agriculture, following Mr. de Valera's refusal to pay the Land Annuities, has been responsible for cattle in many cases being sold for next to nothing.

The Irish Free State Government contributed a portion of this tax to help the farmers and it was reckoned that the English buyer bore a certain proportion, but few will deny that the Irish cattle farmer has suffered hardship and has often had to offer his stock at exceptionally cheap prices.

Now a further snag has arisen with the British embargo on the import of fat cattle, and the Irish Free State Government has retaliated by placing an embargo on the export of all cattle from the Irish Free State to Britain.

The reasons underlying this economic fencing are not immediately apparent to the layman. Why lean cattle should be allowed into Britain and fat cattle kept out does not seem at first a clear issue.

The point is, however, that many English and Scottish importers preferred in the past to buy lean cattle—which they could get at cheaper prices—and take them across the water and fatten them up on English or Scottish pastures.

Now the Irish Free State says "No fat cattle, no cattle at all."

How long this can last no one can say, for over half the people in the Irish Free State are engaged directly in farming. Of the Irish Free State's acreage of 17,019,155 acres, 12,181,242 are given up to crop and pasture lands, and the export of live cattle constitutes 33 per cent. of the total value of the Irish Free State's exports. There are 4,000,000 cattle in the Irish Free State and 1,000,000 of these are available for slaughter each year; 850,000 are exported.

There is, however, another school of thought that holds the view that cattle farming is not a good economic venture for the Irish Free State. A great portion of the land is given up to it, while it offers comparatively little employment.

Great herds of cattle can be tended by very few men. Contrarily, if the same land were under crop it would employ much more labour and consequently reduce unemployment which is acute in the Irish Free State, like everywhere else.

Meanwhile there is also the problem of the transition stage, which must involve hardship. Thus the successful development of another side of the country's resources would be as problematical as the various ventures which every country in the world to-day is taking to meet a world-wide slump.

Patrick Willis

MEN OF ARAN IN A LONDON FILM STUDIO

Fisherfolk who have been Taking Part in Mr. Robert Flaherty's Screen Drama of Irish Island Life

POST-SYNCHRONIZATION: The scene in the theatre of the Gainsborough Studios when the islanders of Aran were adding the dialogue and sound effects to the film which they have been making under the direction of Mr. Robert Flaherty. They will be engaged on this work of post-synchronization for several weeks. The actual filming was done in the Aran Isles off the Galway coast, Western Ireland

MR. ROBERT FLAHERTY rehearsing the islanders in the dialogue which they are now adding to the film, *Man of Aran*, at the Gainsborough Studios

THE OLDEST AND THE YOUNGEST PLAYER: Michaleen Dillane is fourteen and Patch Ruadh is sixty. The boy has proved himself a clever actor

TYPES OF ARAN: The pencil sketches on this page are the work of Miss Barbara Flaherty, the talented daughter of the director. Her four subjects have all been taking part in the film

CREATING SOUND EFFECTS: The islanders drawing a boat along the studio floor

Since their arrival in London for the post-synchronization of their film, the islanders of Aran have aroused general interest. One of the most outstanding actors is the boy Michaleen Dillane. He is only fourteen and it was at least four months before his mother would consent to his taking part, and then only with the permission of the priest. All the actors are possessed of magnificent physique and one of them, Patcheen Conneelly, is nearly 6 ft. 6 ins. in height. When Mr. Flaherty first landed on the island he was treated with the utmost suspicion, and it was many months before he could win their favour, get together his cast, and start work on the film

MR. GORDON HANNEN selling a pair of brocaded chairs before a large gathering at Christie's

"IT'S AGAINST YOU, SIR": Two striking studies of Mr. Gordon Hannen on the rostrum at Christie's

BETTER TIMES IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

A Distinct Improvement in Prices which Augurs well for the Sales of 1934

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE CLERK who registers your successful bid

A JEWELLERY SALE AT CHRISTIE'S: Mr. T. M. McKenna conducting the auction

WHETTING THEIR APPETITES: Showing round a valuable piece to the bidders at the table

AT THE TABLE: Prominent buyers at a jewellery sale. The various pieces being auctioned are passed along the line of expert buyers for inspection

INSPECTION UNDER SUPERVISION: The police are always on hand during and prior to important jewellery sales, where works of great value are on view

"LOT SELLING THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN": An attendant draws the attention of buyers to the piece for sale

It is a platitude that the auction rooms are the pulse of a nation's prosperity. If people have money to buy *objets d'art*, then dividends are being paid, industry is looking up, and prosperity is brighter. It is pleasant to discover, therefore, in this first week of the year 1934, that everything in the garden of auctioneers is growing more lovely every day. One good sale begets another, and to-day both the quantity of the goods offered is greater and the quality higher. All of which tends to show that there is a better feeling among the buyers as well as the sellers.

Take Christie's for example. The business done in the six weeks up to Christmas was nearly three-quarters of the total volume in 1932, and actually three times the amount done in the corresponding period of that year.

Of course, there are fashions in everything, and it is no good pretending that the vast canvases painted by Victorian R.A.s have any value beyond their gilt frames. But this has nothing to do with the slump or its aftermath. More and more people are living in flats and they have no room for these monsters on their walls. On the other hand, you can get a remarkably good price now for the elaborate type of chased and embossed Victorian silver. There is a brisk demand for it in Canada.

Another very noticeable feature of the winter season is the popularity of Dutch masters and near-masters. At Lord Howe's sale the other day a Cuyp landscape went for more than £2,000, which is as much or more than it would have fetched in boom times. A small Rembrandt head at the same sale went for 2,000 guineas, which was definitely more than it would have fetched even in 1928. One explanation of this is that Holland is still on the gold standard, and so Dutchmen can come and buy over here with a thirty-three and a third discount, so to speak, in their favour.

By contrast, the American collectors have not yet started to return. With unemployment as it still is in the United States, it is distinctly unfashionable for the few rich men extant to buy expensive works of art. So they are still feeling a little coy. The French, too, have been rather disappointing, although French furniture has been fetching very adequate prices. Nevertheless there are any number of buyers who all seem to have money to spend; while the people who have treasures to sell, and felt a general nervousness throughout 1930, 1931, 1932, and the first nine months of 1933, are again sending them in, and the tide of prices has now definitely turned.

One of the most interesting points about the auction rooms now is the quantity of private buyers. There is a new type of young married couple who are tired of bare walls and smart steel furniture. They are beginning to be conscious of their own taste and no longer hire some interior decorator to do all their furnishing and *décor* for them.

Generally speaking, you can divide up the goods sold at auctions into half-a-dozen categories. There are pictures, miniatures, and prints; silver; jewels; tapestry and china and *objets d'art*; furniture; and wines. Prices for furniture, particularly eighteenth-century furniture which fits the small rooms fashionable to-day, have been most satisfactory from the sellers' point of view. Some of Mrs. Oppenheim's Chippendale furniture, sold as long ago as May, compared very favourably with the boom prices of 1928. In particular there was a commode which fetched £315. Incidentally, a similar one put up for sale on December 8 went for £588. At the Michael Murphy sale a Chippendale armchair was sold for £294.

Prices for the Ming wares in the Bradley sale also compared very favourably with the Benson dispersal, considering their quality and condition. A pair of *famille* rose pheasants went for £630 at the Howe sale. An almost identical pair was sold for £450 at the Paget sale in 1932. Another almost identical pair went for £588 at the Kennedy sale in 1916. In July, 1933, a Charles II longcase by Joseph Knibb went for £441, which is an absolute record for a clock of this type. A week later a Daniel Quare clock was sold for £231. This clock, when put up at Christie's in June, 1912, fetched only 39 guineas.

We now come to silver. Even during the more difficult periods it has been a pleasing fact that fine old silver has maintained its value throughout with a dogged persistence. The present season at Christie's has, however, shown a distinct tendency to a rise in values and some really remarkable prices have been realized. There are two outstanding examples of comparison in prices which support this theory.

In a sale on November 29 an Elizabethan tazza bearing the London hall-marks for 1560 (lot 93 in the collection of the late A. R. Fish, Esq.) realized £526, a price which compares very favourably with that of £182 which was bid for it in the same rooms in January, 1921. In the sale of December 13 a James I wine cup bearing London hall-marks for 1623 sold for 400s. per ounce (£164), a price which again compares very favourably with that of £75 (185s. per ounce), which it realized in February, 1903.

Other tendencies which have been noticed are an increased demand for dinner services (q.v. Earl Howe's sale); a strong competition for apostle and seal-top spoons, and a really strong demand for certain types of plated articles.

The prices bid for really fine pieces of sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth century silver have throughout maintained a very high level. In fact, during the last two months the turnover for silver sales has equalled almost half of the total for the nine months between November, 1932 and July, 1933.

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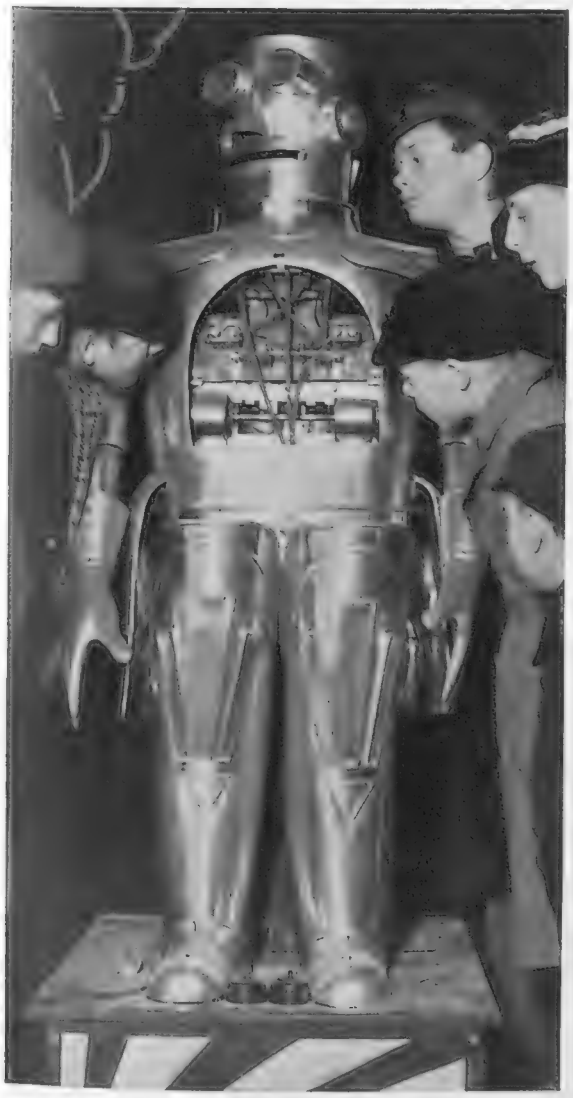
THE SCREEN VERSION OF "EVERGREEN" — THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION — SIR JAMES JEANS LECTURES TO THE CHILDREN

AN UNCONVENTIONAL BRIDE: Miss Averil Streatfeild leaving with her pet mastiff for her wedding to Mr. J. P. Hallett at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: The mechanical man at the Schoolboys' Exhibition at the White City

BRITAIN'S SCIENTIFICALLY-MINDED YOUTH: Sir James Jeans giving the first of his Christmas lectures to children at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. His subject was "Time and Space"

THE CAFÉ ROYAL IN EDWARDIAN DAYS: Mr. Victor Saville (right) directing Miss Jessie Matthews in the Gaumont British film version of *Evergreen*

POISE: Mr. John Riley and Miss Sylvia Warren rehearsing for a Christmas Charity performance which they gave at the Winter Garden, Eastbourne

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

MR. HERVEY ALLEN, whose novel, *Anthony Adverse*, contains over 1,200 pages. According to Mr. Roberts, it has neither a dull passage nor a weak sentence. It is published by Gollancz

SYDNEY SMITH, a brilliant figure of the early years of the nineteenth century, who forms the subject of Mr. Hesketh Pearson's biography, *The Smith of Smith's*, published by Hamish Hamilton

1933—A Wonderful Year for Authors, Publishers, and Booksellers : "Anthony Adverse"—An Outstanding American Best-Seller : "Magnus Merriman"—Strong Prose Somewhat Seasoned with Coarseness

Whatever may be said of the past year in the matter of industry and trade there can be only one feeling among authors, publishers, and booksellers. It has been a wonderful year for all of them. More books were sold, more read, and I fear more written, than in any year since the post-War boom, when everything, including Governments and Prime Ministers, was abnormal. All the gloomy predictions among men of letters, when the wireless began to invade the homes of England, have proved quite false. The cinema has not ruined the libraries, the radio has not obliterated the private reader. Both, I believe, have proved a blessing to those whose happiness and finances are bound up with books. The wireless keeps many people at home, enjoying the comfort of their own firesides, and, as I observed in America, we have developed the habit, a fearful one it seems to me, of talking, reading, and writing while the loud-speaker is blaring through the house.

As for the cinema as the enemy of contemporary literature, it has rendered a great service to authorship by vulgarizing and massacring the famous books it has pretended to film. Large audiences have turned from the monstrous travesties of well-known novels and historical records to the original versions untouched by the legions of gentlemen whose unpronounceable names throng the silver screen as a preface to a night's feast of futility. "I have just sold my last novel to the —— Film Company, with the complete rights of massacre," said a wise writer to me the other day.

After the breathless book-buying for Christmas, it has always been understood that no one would buy books in January. The booksellers turned a stony ear to the publishers' travellers when they were unwise enough to call with January samples. But of late the publishers have been striding across the seasons. August, when everybody is supposed to be out of town, is now quite a popular month with some publishers who assert that holidays are reading days. Now here comes Mr. Gollancz, charging across a field still deep in the debris of Christmas books. He cares nothing for exhausted pockets. He believes a good book has no season, it commands attention. He backs his faith handsomely this January month with a team of five books, one of which, I think it is not rash to prophesy, will prove to be the biggest book of 1934 in all senses of the word. The five are the *Ellery Queen Omnibus* (7s. 6d.), *The Nine Tailors*, by Dorothy L. Sayers (7s. 6d.), *Six Trials*, by Winifrid Duke (7s. 6d.), *Family Cruise*, by Helen Ashton (7s. 6d.), and *Anthony Adverse*, by Hervey Allen (10s. 6d.).

I am afraid **Miss Helen Ashton** in her book has succumbed to the temptation that many novelists have resisted. It is so obvious that the current fashion of making a holiday cruise around the shores of the Mediterranean offers the subject for a novel. The plot is simple. You start from England with a number of families, and while carrying them across France, Switzerland, and Italy to the liner moored at Venice, investigate their lives and select the characters for the story on the boat. As each port of call turns up, you give a mild travelogue, mixed with the fiction, and wind up a cruise of 300 pages with the passengers disembarking, and all the tangles straightened out.

This is precisely what Miss Helen Ashton has done. It is so obvious that it could not be original or startling, and few novelists would be so brave as to start on a cruise so well charted in the reader's mind. From Venice back to Venice we travel with a spinster hoping for adventure, a wife tired of her tired husband, and a number of young people who supply the love interest. All this foreseen, it is only right that one should say Miss Ashton draws a pleasant design on her threadbare carpet. She can observe freshly, whether she looks at Venice or venery, the barrister, the schoolmistress, the tower, or the temple. She can catch all Venice in a sentence like "The launch swung wide from the diapered rosy wall of the Doges' Palace, and the clustered onion domes of San Marco." And, what is truly courageous of her, she has admitted there are some nice people on the earth, or on the Hellenic Club's cruise, and they fill the pages of this novel. But I would like a talent so sure of its mark and an eye so keen in its diagnosis not to start with so severe a handicap in subject-matter.

Let the worst be said at once regarding **Anthony Adverse**, by **Hervey Allen**. It contains 1,272 pages of close type. It is written by a man who has a poet's sense of language, it is a saga that outsagas—in sweep, length, and variety—the Forsytes and the Herries. It is, from the first page to the last, a form of bondage, for the reader cannot escape, from the moment the coach rolls through the Province of Auvergne until we meet the American vernacular in the valley of the Rio Grande.

This novel has swept America. That does not commend it to me. I have seen too many of those sweepings. I was in the United States when a million people were said to have bought *The Bridge-of-San-Luis-Rey*, but I had the utmost difficulty in finding half-a-dozen who had really read it and could be examined on the book. The herd instinct smites the American public remorselessly. But if only ten Americans had read this book, or none, I could not imagine how a work of such staggering power could be overlooked. While Europe is scarcely aware of the dark shadow of Napoleon, soon to cover its countries, a small child is deposited at a convent door. Don Luis had married the young daughter of a Scots merchant in Leghorn. The forsaken child, by a series of events, comes to the house of his grandfather at Livorno, but he comes almost nameless, a luckless wight known as Anthony. His circumstances seem to merit the surname of Adverse. It is at this stage that Mr. Allen carries us into the great tide of his story. It is impossible, outside the pages of this book, to convey a true picture of that astonishing Casa da Bonnyfeather, of Bonnyfeather himself, with his great establishment, his warehouse, his staff of clerks, his international connections. Nothing came out of Conrad's magic more compelling than the picture of life in this merchant's house, with ships coming and going, with the sense of impending tragedy in Europe, of Napoleon's threatened descent, of Bonnyfeather's financial tentacles stretching into Germany, England, Spain, Africa, Cuba. Again and again the wonder grows, where has Mr. Allen obtained his data, what were his "case books," how has he contrived to handle with such convincing familiarity the complex politics of the Italian States, of Spain, of Mexico, of Cuba, and America?

And all these things are incidental to the main strong current of the story, the vivid adolescence of Anthony, the breaking of love. Here are pages direct from the ledger of a slave-dealer on black witchcraft, the terror of the jungle, the heat of the desert, the Muggletonians of Spitalfields, the purlieus of New Orleans, the politics of M. Talleyrand; no corner of human activity escapes Mr. Allen. The Red Indian chapters, in which Anthony becomes perforce the god of a tribe, would be impossibly fantastic in any other book, but here they are in key with the whole design. In the end Anthony is rescued from a hideous prison, and dies by accident.

In the whole realm of fiction created in the twentieth century I can think of no work comparable to this, either in the magnificence of its design, the poetry of its prose, or the fire of its passion. I have never been able to imagine a book of 1,200 pages without a dull passage or a weak sentence. Here it is.

Mr. Eric Linklater is careful to explain in a foreword to his novel, **Magnus Merriman (Cape. 7s. 6d.)**, that it is in no sense autobiographical. But he makes a big demand on his readers. Here is a story of a man whose experiences coincide at so many points with those of the author. The novel even intrudes the subject of Home Rule for Scotland, though in this case it is pleasant to discover the politician is not devoid of a sense of humour. This story reveals again Mr. Linklater's strong prose; it also reveals his weakness, a love of coarseness, and something that cannot be deemed other than lavatory humour. It seems so unnecessary in a writer of such rich invention.

This story of a man who failed as a soldier, a poet, a politician, and a farmer, but was successful, too much so, in love and literature, has considerable pace and is rich in characterization, but the reader's sympathies are so often estranged by a determination to write originally. When we are told "her brassière lay half under a chair like a puppy that misbehaved . . . it suggested grape skins discarded on the rim of a plate," the result is merely ridiculous. It suggests something that Mr. Linklater is not—an amateur determined to attract attention.

Mr. Vivian Ellis returns this time with a musical novel, **Faint Harmony (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)**. It is much more ambitiously planned than his first novel, in three movements covering the years 1888 to 1933. Moreover, he changes his scene with great lavishness, and takes us from Brussels to Paris, Wiesbaden, and London, with a complete familiarity with the scene, and contemporary history. The story of Paul Descartes and Jane Brierley, students of music, carries us through a vivid musical history of Europe from the 'eighties onwards, and is a bitter-sweet cavalcade in which true love does not run smooth. Only Mr. Vivian Ellis, with his intimate experience of the technicalities of music, could give us a story so convincing in its revelation of life in the Conservatoire and the concert room. It is the sad story of a young musical genius who marries the daughter of a rich chocolate manufacturer, but remains true to the dream in his heart. At the close Mr. Ellis has a most ingenious finale, in two senses of the word, in which Paul conducts an orchestra and one listener sits on the threshold of death. Lucie, Elsa, and Marcelle are a most vivid trio whose histories march parallel with those of Paul and Jane, and Mr. Ellis has shown great dexterity in keeping so many vivid characters moving on a scene lit with facets of contemporary history.

(Continued on p. 28)

GEORGE ELIOT

FANNY BURNEY

Two of the most interesting literary portraits recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery and placed on exhibition last week are those of George Eliot and Fanny Burney. That on the left is a silhouette of "George Eliot," whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, the famous writer of *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. This portrait was presented by Miss Elsie Dunce in memory of her uncle, Mr. J. W. Cross, who married "George Eliot" not many months before her death. The picture on the right is a portrait of Fanny Burney, authoress of *Evelina*, a book which did much to cause a change in the technique of novel writing and which showed that works of fiction could be made vivid and forceful in style and with bright humour without coarseness. The portrait was painted by her cousin, Edward Burney, who was one of the first to be let into the secret of the authorship, and who carried on the negotiations with the publisher. This is a most important addition to the Gallery which hitherto possessed no picture of this notable woman writer. It was purchased by the aid of a donation from the National Art Collections Fund

On page 28 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

MAINLY METROPOLITAN

PREPARING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Miss Rosy Barsony and Miss Natal'e Hall, co-stars in the musical production *Ball at the Savoy*, mixing the cake which will be cut on the stage of Drury Lane to-day (January 6). Robert Baddeley was an English comedian of the eighteenth century, and left money to found a home for decayed actors and to provide the Drury Lane Company with wine and cake on "Twelfth Night." Two important works of reference differ as to the actual date of "Twelfth Night." One avers that it is January 5 and the other January 6

THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: A big crowd of revellers packed the Albert Hall on January 1. The theme of the ball was "Sun Worship," and the backcloth designed by Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., proved to be one of the most successful ever produced by the club. Many of the dancers wore costumes to represent sun-worship throughout the ages

PROPAGANDA FOR THE NEW PARTY: The great crowd which assembled outside the Ormonde Hotel, Clonmel, to hear General O'Duffy and Mr. Cosgrave speak on behalf of the United Ireland Party. The General, who was formerly Chief Commissioner of the Civic Guards in the Irish Free State, has been summoned to answer charges alleging sedition and incitement to murder President de Valera

BILLINGSGATE'S OWN: The City of London Police no longer patrol the fish market, and a special force has now taken their place. A sergeant of the new police is seen chatting with the porters

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: Mr. Kenneth Clarke who is still in his early thirties and who is taking over from Sir Augustus Daniel. The latter has been Director since 1929

"HANSEL AND GRETEL" AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: Victoria Hopper as Gretel and Leslie French as Hansel in the successful revival of Humperdinck's famous opera. Mr. French appeared as Puck in the Regent's Park open-air production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

PANTOMIMES

BEAUTY AND THE BLOODHOUND: Wendy Barrie, the attractive young screen star who is playing in the British Lion comedy, *Digging Up*. The bloodhound also has a part in the film

"Queen of Hearts" at the Lyceum —"Hansel and Gretel" in Palatable Form—Marie Tempest Plays a Fine Part Finely in H. M. Harwood's "The Old Folks at Home"

By PHILIP PAGE

It has long been a prominent point of the policy of the Lyceum Theatre at pantomime time to devote a large portion of the first half of the entertainment to ballet. Crowded audiences have justified this, though to what extent those crowds are attracted by such terpsichorean orgies is uncertain.

In the case of this year's production, *The Queen of Hearts*, they are certainly too long. That the recent ballet season at the Alhambra lasted four months may have prompted a single ballet which to me, at any rate, seemed to be no shorter. Quality is, however, more important than quantity, and if the Lyceum dancers are, most of them, efficient, there is not, by a long chalk, a Riabouchinska, a Danilova, or a Woidzikowsky among them; the achievements of these Russians have set a high standard from which it is not advisable to fall too far short, even in pantomime.

I saw a clever little girl who did step-dancing on her toes and a lady of larger size who twisted her body into queer knots. There was far too much of a gentleman with silver pyjamas and a perpetual grin who spun round and round and round, then went off the stage for a while, then spun and grinned again, and so on *ad infinitum* or even *ad nauseam*.

"Babes in the Wood."—If the pantomime at the Scala Theatre, *Babes in the Wood*, is less spectacular, there are famous names among its comedians. Plenty of opportunity is given to the Egbert Brothers, who knock about as lustily and as amusingly as ever they did in the dear days of Old Drury, *consule* Collins, and to Mr. George Mozart, who makes much of the part of the Babes' wicked uncle, Baron Stony. I fear the book is not so witty as that of a pantomime, produced by the "Follies," in which another Baron Stony recited:

> "I am the Baron, the Baron Stony-broke,
> My part does not contain one single joke.
> Each Christmas-time I earn large sums of money
> By being superhumanly unfunny."

"Hansel and Gretel."—The grand operatic version of Humperdinck's masterpiece, *Hansel and Gretel*, is, for all its beauty, a somewhat teutonically ponderous affair. Children are awed by an opera house and a full orchestra, and it is difficult for them to absorb the story of these other "babes in the wood" through the composer's learned score, the process resembling the attempts of the inebriated lady to eat fried fish through her veil. When each of the "babes" who prance excitedly as they break bits off the witch's gingerbread house is a mature *prima donna* who the following night may be singing in Handel's *Messiah*, the blitherdom is increased.

Mr. Sydney Carroll was therefore wise to present *Hansel and Gretel* in a form more palatable to the young, and his Humperdinck-without-tears at the Cambridge Theatre deserves success. He has also been wise to call in Mr. Ernest Irving for the musical adaptation and Mr. Basil Dean for the stage production. Musically there has been no sacrilege of any kind. Not a note is played that the composer did not write, nor has anything been taken away that he did; his score has merely been

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE": Sylvia Co... and Eugene Leahy in the children's "... at Wyndham's. The play is written b... Beringer

THE PALACE OF CARDS: A cleverly constructed scene in *Queen of Hearts*—the Christmas pantomime at the Lyceum

A SCENE FROM ACT II OF "LILAC TIME" AT... Franz Schubert (Maurice D'Oisly) is seen at the... Veit (Helen G...

SAND PLAYS

AN ESTABLISHED SUCCESS AT HIS MAJESTY'S: Dodo Nevern and Hazel Jennings, two of the Tyrolean girls in the successful musical play, *Music in the Air*, which has just reached its 250th performance

"BEAU BRUMMELL": Noël Hood as Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Guy le Feuvre as the Prince of Wales (later George IV), and Thea Holme as Lady Ella Pierrepoint in Sir Nigel Playfair's production of Harold Simpson's and B. C. Hilliam's musical play at the Saville

"WITHOUT WITNESS": Cecily Byrne and Ian Hu... in the new play by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson which began at the Embassy last week

adapted for the reduced orchestra essential in a small theatre, and this has been done with great skill.

Mr. Dean, knowing that children like to see things and not to be told to imagine them, has filled the magic wood with witches and their "familiars," sprites, kobbolds, hobgoblins, elves, long-legitty beasties, and so forth, in a vein of poetic realism. At the first performance there was not much room for the dancing witches who got twisted up in a cloud. No doubt this has since been remedied. And I did not like a part of the wood going round on a revolving stage, because woods do not appear to do this to children but only to certain unwise adults.

But Mr. Dean is to be congratulated very heartily. I was particularly glad to see the angels posing in a graceful Pre-Raphaelite ballet instead of, as in most opera houses, marching round the sleeping children like feathered policemen.

Miss Victoria Hopper, who has a voice and an exceedingly pretty one, was the perfect Gretel; and if Hansel must be played by an adult male (why must he?) this could not be done better than it was by Mr. Leslie French. Mr. Richard Austin conducted immaculately an admirable small orchestra.

If this version of *Hansel and Gretel* will be found invaluable for special seasons and occasions, it is the full opera that will remain the normal, and always acceptable, fare for the music lover. The afternoon after the Cambridge performance I heard the full opera at the Old Vic, with the large orchestra the Cambridge Theatre cannot hold, for in this case the New Cut can stand more brass than Seven Dials.

The Old Vic Gretel, Miss Sybil Hambleton, was extraordinarily good; she looked like a child of ten, and if there is to be any comparison between her and Miss Hopper, it should be realized that she had a far more difficult task in having to see that an essentially girlish voice could be heard through a vastly bigger surge of noise from the orchestra pit. Mr. Geoffrey Corbett conducted with tact and authority, though at times he was inclined to rush things.

ALHAMBRA: The sitting-room of Christian Veit's house. ...h Baron Franz Schober (Derek Oldham) singing. Lili ... on the settee

A FAMOUS PAIR TOGETHER AGAIN: Derek Oldham and Helen Gilliland in *Lilac Time* at the Alhambra

Marie Tempest Returns.—In a mass of seasonable fare, however delightful, it was pleasant to welcome back Miss Marie Tempest in a play which would suit all seasons of the year, and looks like experiencing all of them, too. For Mr. H. M. Harwood's *The Old Folks at Home* (Queen's) is such an interesting comedy that it should last until the warm weather comes and disappears again.

The younger generation has had its virtues, its courage, its humour, and so forth belauded dramatically, from Stanley Houghton to Noel Coward, and the process is probably not yet over. But the old 'uns, or middle-aged 'uns, are not really the cretins some of our dramatists (and not only our dramatists) would have us believe. One can be thankful that in writing a part for Miss Tempest Mr. Harwood has emphasized this theme.

Lady Kingdom (Miss Tempest) has a difficult couple of young female fools to advise in her daughter, who is full of half-baked, pessimistic philosophy, and her daughter-in-law, who has fallen in love with a novelist, and calls it living the great, free, modern life, or something of the sort. Of course they get in a mess, and of course Lady Kingdom gets them out of it. In a brilliant last act she deliberately Sir Charles Wyndhams them—"My dear, I was young once, and I remember, etc., etc."—the point of her discourse being that one can have plenty of emotional experience without being sloppy and floppy about it, and without making other people miserable.

Miss Tempest plays a fine part finely. Miss Nora Swinburne has a lazy, easy, attractive grace I find it difficult alike to describe and to resist. A more emotional character is played tensely and cleverly by Miss Margaret Rawlings. This is a woman's play and Mr. Graham-Browne and Mr. Ronald Ward remain in the background with tactful competence.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ARABIA

(Continued from p. 13)

rain. Five years of drought, five years in which no solitary raindrop had fallen, had rendered them resigned.

It was on the eighth day of my stay that the phenomenon took place. Any traveller who has experienced a tropical thunderstorm can claim to know the full meaning of the word. An eerie heaviness hung over the city. Late in the afternoon dark clouds appeared in the sky, soon to be followed by the first flashes of lightning. Tongues of flame zigzagged across the clouds on every side, and the air was filled with deafening crashes. Then, like a flood, the rain came down. For half-an-hour we seemed to have descended into hell. Consider that all the houses and public edifices of Tarim are built of mud and clay, and you can imagine the damage wrought by such a cloudburst. During that night seventeen houses collapsed, and a part of the city wall was washed away.

I was fortunate enough to be in the Palace of Al Kaft at the time the storm broke, but even here the danger was considerable. Thick streams of brown-coloured water poured down the exquisite whiteness of the walls, and we had to dodge the pieces of ceiling that began to fall around us. Outside in the garden the wells were caving in, the greatest disaster of all, since once the water became tainted the consequences would spell death to the inhabitants.

And yet, in spite of everything, the occasion was one for great rejoicing. The moment the downpour ceased the whole of the population of Tarim hurried out into the gardens and the streets, which now resembled swiftly flowing rivers. Each small torrent was diverted to the root of some tree or plant, and in the space of a few hours fresh green was sprouting everywhere under the damp warmth of the tropical air. For the next two days old and young, large and small Arabs, splashed delightedly in the rare element. Curiously enough, this rainstorm fell only on Tarim; the whole of the surrounding district remained untouched.

I left Tarim shortly afterwards and pursued my journey into the regions of Yemen. The land here is flat and sandy, and lends itself to agriculture only where rain is plentiful.

Here, on the coast, is the famous old harbour town of Mocca, the home of the best coffee. From the days when it was a Turkish possession, right up to the time of the World War, Mocca was a flourishing city, the trading centre of Southern Arabia. To-day its fresh-water springs are dry, its population has emigrated elsewhere, the fairy tale palaces and dazzling white houses, empty and neglected, are crumbling to ruin under the damp salt breath of sea breezes and the burning sandstorms that blow from the desert. Hodeida has captured all the trade of Yemen and, in spite of its poor natural facilities, remains the only active port along the coast.

One of the principal home industries of Yemen, apart from the cultivation of vines, coffee, and wheat on the terraces of the foothills, is the preparation of indigo dye This dye is made from the seeds of a small green shrub which are sifted, crushed, and left to soak in water in large earthenware pots. The indigo ferments to a dark blue liquid, which is churned for hours on end by the Arabs with long wooden poles. Cotton stuffs woven by the natives—the cotton itself is grown in Harib in the interior—are dipped into the dye and used for clothing by all classes of Bedouins throughout Yemen and the Hadhramaut.

Hans Helfritz

A BOOK LIST

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BOOKS

(Continued from p. 24)

In the first four decades of the nineteenth century there is one figure continually walking across the scene, and yet how little we know of him except the witty things that were always in his mouth. This figure was Sydney Smith. Byron mentions him, Macaulay spoke of him, Dickens was eager to meet him, Scott, Sheridan, and Moore quoted him. He cut a brilliant figure in the Holland House circle, and yet he remains a wraith. It is time we had **Mr. Hesketh Pearson's** biography, **The Smith of Smiths (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.).**

Here is a man of genius who was destroyed, in the point of material ambition, by a sense of humour. We like our bishops dry and our politicians pompous. Smith had first-class qualifications for the position of Primate or Premier, but little came to him. Laugh and the world laughs at you, was his experience. He was broadminded and liberal, and rarely unkind in his witticism. He was an excellent pastor and able as a parish doctor, but he became nothing more than a Canon of St. Paul's.

Smith had his serious side. He fulfilled his duty as a clergyman. "You must not mistake my afternoon nonsense for my serious and morning opinions," he said to Lord John Russell. His enemies could easily quote him against himself. "My idea of Heaven is eating *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets," he said recklessly, and "There is not the least use in preaching to anyone unless you chance to catch them ill."

His death cast a gloom over Mayfair. Greville wrote his best epitaph: "He had the true religion of benevolence and charity, of peace and goodwill to mankind, which, let us hope, as I firmly believe, to be all sufficient, be the truth of the great mystery what it may."

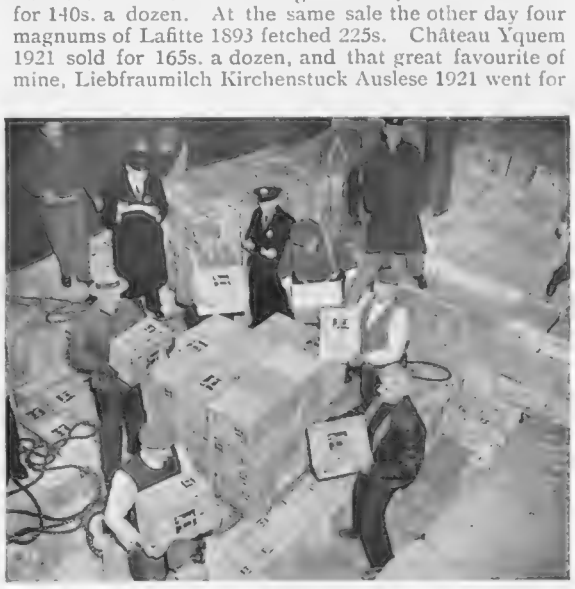
Mr. Hesketh has found material which could not fail to be interesting. This book has long been wanted and does service to a man of great wit, charm, and character who has been scurvily treated by biographers and historians of the early nineteenth century.

BETTER TIMES IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

(Continued from p. 22)

As for jewellery, amazing prices have been obtained in the past few weeks. It is no good pretending that they are as high as they were in 1928, but they are quite excellent all the same. Pearls have been falling steadily since shortly after the War, but fine diamonds and emeralds have hardly shifted.

At the wine sales there are increasing numbers of private buyers. The most noticeable increases are in the price of sherry, which on an average has risen from 30s. to 60s. a dozen to 140s. and 150s.—all in four years. In the case of Château Margaux 1920, this claret went for 140s. a dozen. At the same sale the other day four magnums of Lafitte 1893 fetched 225s. Château Yquem 1921 sold for 165s. a dozen, and that great favourite of mine, Liebfraumilch Kirchenstuck Auslese 1921 went for



A GIANT SHIPMENT: Unloading White Horse whisky from the *Cameronia*, on the vessel's arrival in New York before Christmas. The consignment, which is believed to be the largest which has ever left Scotland in one vessel, consisted of 27,474 cases

145s. a dozen, while the Johannesburger Cabinet was sold for 150s. a dozen. When you consider that the prices at an auction are virtually wholesale, it will be realized that these are very nice figures from the point of view of the seller.

If you visit any of the leading auction rooms in London now you will find that the scene has changed considerably. Instead of a small circle of professionals, there are large numbers of private buyers. In the old days it used to be the fashion to give your commission to a prominent dealer. Then there was a tendency for private buyers to go direct to the dealer and buy from him at a shop. Now there is a marked return to buying at the auction rooms through agents, and a further tendency for the individual to buy things himself.

Altogether, things are looking up fast, and, as I have said, one good sale begets another, and people are no longer afraid to put up their treasures for sale, for they find that prices are becoming better every day.

It will be noticed that while I have given various comparisons of prices between those of 1933 and those of a few years ago, I have given none between those of the boom period, 1928, and those of to-day. The reason for this is not because I am trying to bolster up an argument that prices are better than they have ever been. It would be ridiculous to pretend that they are yet as good now as they were at the height of the boom. On the other hand, it is seldom that at a place like Christie's articles which have been put up for auction come up again in so short a time as five years. At any rate, that is what I am told, and we still have to wait on an average another five or ten years before it will be possible to make comparisons. By this time, of course, optimists hope that prices will be back where they stood in 1928.

DEBRETT'S

An Invaluable Work of Reference

Who was Lord So-and-so before he became a peer? How many titles have been created in past years? What titles have become extinct in this century? What peers, baronets, knights, or companions died last year? Is Bishop So-and-so an English, Scottish, or Irish prelate? These and hundreds of other questions can be answered immediately by reference to *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage* (Dean and Son, Ltd. 75s. net), which has now made its appearance for 1934. This important reference book, which is in its 221st year, is absolutely invaluable for all those who wish to be well informed on matters relating to living members of the peerage. Under each title is given a line drawing of the coat of arms and a biography of the present holder with his addresses and the names of his clubs. Details are also given of living relatives, of collateral branches of the family, and of predecessors. The volume is so planned that research in all these matters is quite simple, and even the most knotty problem can be solved in a few minutes. In addition, there is a full list of those bearing courtesy titles; there are biographies of members of the Privy Council, and tables of precedence for England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The baronetage section is treated in much the same way as that of the peerage, while the knightage and companionage contain excellent biographies of those included. One of the most interesting features of *Debrett* is the preface, which largely consists of a survey of the changes which have taken place during the past year. It appears that the number of titles that have become extinct during 1933 has been well in excess of the average for the past twenty-five years, not a few of those who would have inherited having been killed during the Great War. It will probably be many years before the last of such instances will occur. Reference is also made in the preface to the vast number of changes of residence which have taken place recently both in London and the provinces. To a certain extent there is no doubt that this is due to the almost prohibitive cost of keeping up big establishments.

Between December 1, 1932, and November 30, 1933 ten new peers were created, nine members were sworn to the Privy Council, an addition of nine names was made to the Roll of the Baronetage, and 178 persons received the honour of Knighthood or were made Dames of a Knightly Order. All these additions are recorded in the *Debrett* of 1934 which, needless to say, is as accurate and carefully produced as its predecessors.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION

Since the publication, in the December 30 issue of THE SPHERE, of a first series of pictures from the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art, several additional facts have been forwarded to us. Regarding the portrait of Sir Henry Mildmay, by George Romney, Lord Mildmay of Flete points out that the picture was begun when Sir Henry was at St. John's College, Cambridge. The family records show that Romney received £42 for the work. Sir Henry, who lived from 1764 to 1808, was M.P. for Westbury in 17[illegible], for Winchester from 1802 to 1807, and for Hampshire [illegible] his death.

Another interesting letter comes from Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, in which he adds some additional details to those given under William Redmore Bigg's picture of Vice-Admiral William Lukin and brothers. "William Lukin, eldest son of the Rev. George William Lukin, Rector of Felbrigg and later Dean of Wells, was born in 1768, joined the Navy in 1781, and retired eventually with the rank of Vice-Admiral. In 1824 he assumed the name of Windham on succeeding to the property of the Right Hon. William Windham, his uncle by half-blood. He died in 1833. The picture shows him and his three brothers, George, Robert, and John, and their gamekeeper, Cawston, grouped outside their father's parsonage at Felbrigg."

Captain Richard Ford, who has lent to the exhibition the portraits of Sir Clare Ford, by John Prescott, and Lady Ford, by Ramsay Reinagle, sent us short biographies of the subjects. Sir Clare (1828-1899) was educated at Eton, and in 1846 was appointed cornet in the 4th Light Dragoons. Six years later he entered the Diplomatic Service, and between 1887 and 1898 was Ambassador at Madrid, Constantinople, and Rome. Lady Ford (1767-1849) was the daughter of Benjamin Booth, a director of the East India Company. She married Sir Richard Ford, who in 1789 was M.P. for East Grinstead and later was Under Secretary for Home Affairs and Chief Magistrate at Bow Street.

In Mr. Patrick Willis's article entitled "Thursday in Dublin," which appears on p. 20 of this issue, reference is made to the Irish embargo on the export of cattle from the Free State to Britain. This embargo was raised after the section of the paper containing the article had gone to press, and it was therefore not possible to make the necessary deletion.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

You who love children! Please help the Society to maintain 1,100 poor boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and new *Arethusa* Training Ship. Donations and legacies are earnestly solicited, and it is now that help is needed to meet the heavy daily expenditure. There is no finer work than that of training young children to become good and useful citizens. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CROWNS FALL and BRIMS RISE

A Revolution in Mid-Season Millinery Results in a Complete Reversal of the Autumn Plan

No longer do crowns rise to dizzy heights while brims are relegated to obscurity. At the moment the balance is held evenly between them, for both are important, but there is a growing tendency to stress brim lines and to make crowns shallow and inconspicuous. On the left is an attractive hat in tie silk trimmed with polka dot. Worn with a matching scarf, the set costs 39s. 6d. complete during the January sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's of Oxford Street, London, W. It is made in many excellent colours, and the hat alone may be obtained for 30s.

An outstandingly good example of the new tendencies is seen in the hat immediately below. Made in either brown or black fine fur felt, it has a shallow tucked crown through which are thrust two quills tipped with gleaming kingfisher feathers, while the brim rolls up sharply at each side. This model also comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, where it is available for 79s. 9d. It can be made to order in any colour. Ideal for town or country wear, this type of hat is becoming to those who need definite lines without hardness

fashions many of the newest hats. It is used in a lovely brown shade for the off-the-forehead model shown below. who do not like to rush their fences will appreciate the compromise effected by the swathed band across the for this dispels any illusion of drastic change. Its is three guineas at Debenham & Freebody's, of Wigmore t, W., where the second hat, in stitched felt with a shallow ed-up crown, costs 49s. 6d. in numerous effective colours

EGYPT FOR A WINTER HOLIDAY

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

CAIRO: The beautiful Mohammed Ali Mosque. The lofty and graceful minarets are one of the city's most imposing landmarks

RELICS OF EGYPT'S GLORIOUS PAST: The Sphinx and the Pyramids of Gizeh

The magic and mystery of Egypt—the Land of the Pharaohs and of the Nile, make an appeal to everyone who has read of this strange and beautiful country, where memorials of a mighty past, which had its beginnings in the dawn of civilization, add their glamour to the romance of the life of to-day; where there are cities with all the luxuries of modern times—splendid hotels and restaurants, theatres, opera, concert halls, cinemas, sports, and dancing, fine avenues, wide thoroughfares, and shops of the first order, together with native quarters where you will see bazaars of the Eastern style, and types of half of the peoples of Asia and Africa, in their own element, as far removed from the ways of life in Europe as the people of Timbuktu..

And leaving the cities far behind, you enter a domain still more strange to the Western mind, one of the sharpest contrast, of gleaming fields of cereals, orchards of fruit, orange, lime, and fig, groves of dates, vineyards, and patches of melon, bordering the broad banks of the great Nile, and extending as far as its fertile alluvium and waters permit, and then meeting with the barren desert, a sea of yellow sand, where the feeble imprint of man, or bird, or beast, is swept away by the next breath of wind, and the surface is virgin, as before. The silence, the mystery, the colouring of the desert hold one in thrall; never to have experienced them is to have missed a revelation most profound.

In the green fields by the Nile you see peasants at work whose features are those of the folk who peopled the land in the days of the Pharaohs, and who use the methods and implements of agriculture as it was practised thousands of years ago; you behold, coming from the great desert, over which, perhaps, they have been travelling many months, caravans of men, camels, and merchandise, journeying in the style men have used in the desert from the days when the camel was first trained thus to befriend man. And you have a great zest for all that you see, born of the health you derive from the dry, bracing air and brilliant sunshine, day after day, and the clear blue sky overhead, for the winter climate of Egypt is almost as great a marvel as are the wonders of its past.

There are people who have the keenest desire to spend a holiday in Egypt, but who have the idea that since they are far from being millionaires their wishes must remain ungratified. They believe Egypt to be the most expensive place on the earth for travellers, especially in the matter of hotels, and one can only imagine that they are thinking of the days when Egypt was, so to speak, a close preserve of those who were extremely wealthy and possessed of almost infinite leisure. But it is by no means so to-day. Egypt now is as available to persons of moderate means and time for a month's holiday as any resort in Europe. Co-operation between the official tourist organization of the Egyptian Government, eager to induce as many new visitors as possible to the country, and the hotels, railways, Nile steamers, motor transport services, and the overseas steamship lines, has enabled the issue of combined tickets, which, for a specified price, afford the holder the opportunity of journeying to and from and of spending a holiday in Egypt of from twenty to thirty days, which gives ample time for sight-seeing in Alexandria and Cairo, and a journey up the Nile. All charges are included, except excursions, tips, and refreshments, and the hotels selected are some of the best in the land; moreover you have your choice of lines for the sea voyage

ALEXANDRIA'S IMPOSING MOTOR ROAD AND PROMENADE, which runs for three miles along the shores of the Mediterranean

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In this manner you travel at your ease, with no bother regarding fares and accommodation, and you see whatever you care to see, and in the most comfortable manner possible. Alexandria, curving around the shore of the Mediterranean, with a promenade by the sea the equal of any on the Riviera, with imposing buildings and beautiful villas standing in gardens ablaze with the vivid bloom of poinsettias, bougainvilleas, acacias, and the softer jacaranda, the once proud city of Alexander the Great.

Then there is Cairo, a dream city when you see it in the amber light of dawn or the rosy glow of sunset, guarding, as it were, the entry to the desert, its hundreds of tall minarets so many towers of enchantment!

There you will find all that you require to give rein to your imagination and conjure up scenes from the Arabian Nights; narrow, twisting lanes, blind alleys, and darkened doorways in the shadow of which may be standing—who knows what? And you will see the flashing eyes of veiled women, the beggar, the merchant, the porter, the eunuch, and others of the types of which you have read as having lived in the days of the good Caliph Harun-al-Rashid. You will hear the piercing muezzin call, and the low murmur of the prayers of the faithful from some nearby mosque, and the sight and the sound will transport you so far from the scenes of life in Europe, that your re-entry into the Cairo of fashion, of modernity, where the luxury of the life of the West holds sway on the threshold of the East, will come as a shock.

Then from Cairo, with its magnificent hotels, its palatial villas, fine shops, and clubs, and its gaiety, you will go down to the desert—to where the great Pyramid stands—the inner guard to the region of mystery which lies beyond; near to it the Sphinx, monument inscrutable, and again you will step from the present into the past. And then you will be prepared for the journey of wonder up the Nile, river of the gods, and the mighty temples they inspired: to Assiut, most picturesque of towns by the Nile; to Abydos with its Temple of Seti, like Tel el Amarna, where the boy-king, Akhnaten, forsook the religion of his forefathers and followed a strange god, a city of the dead; to Dendera, and the Temple of Hathor; to Luxor, and its great temples, of Karnak and Luxor, the Colossi of Memnon, and the tombs of the Valley of the Kings; to Esneh (Isna), and its Temple of Khonsu, bearing the cartouches of King Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra; and to Aswan (Assuan), to see the beautiful Temple of Philæ and, again recalling one to the present and its marvels, the great Assuan Dam. Days of wonder, nights of beauty, a river voyage to which there is no equal!

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD: The Temple of Isis which stands on the little Island of Philae on the Nile

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P.A.32.

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE HISTORY OF 1933

(Continued from p. 8)

Outside the League, direct negotiations on disarmament were tried between France and Germany, but these broke down in December. The Disarmament Conference itself failed as completely as the World Economic Conference had done.

A long spectacular trial of four Communists and a mysterious Dutchman in relation to the burning of the Reichstag ended in the acquittal of the Communists and sentence of death on the Dutch incendiary. It was not revealed whether Communists or Nazis were his confederates in the outrage.

In FRANCE the year was uneasy. Fear of the new German militarism caused the completion at full speed of a ring of strong fortifications round the frontiers, and also provoked a recurring spy-fever. The franc was in danger when heavy gold withdrawals were made from Paris, and a succession of Cabinets fell from power because Deputies and Senators refused to pass the economies needed for balancing the Budget. At the end of the year a Government of National Concentration was foreshadowed.

In ITALY Signor Mussolini used clever diplomacy to wield influence as Friend-of-all-the-World amid a changing Europe. He improved Italian relations with France, but gave advice and a helping hand to Germany's Nazi Government, and at the same time supported the Austrian struggle to stay independent. He was the author of a new Four-Power Pact between Britain, Italy, France, and Germany to keep the peace and prevent causes of dispute. This was signed in Rome after modifications to bring it within the League framework, made at the instance of France and the countries of the Little Entente, who meanwhile formed a military alliance to resist revision of the Versailles Treaty at Germany's and Italy's instance.

ASIA

JAPAN dominated the Far East, conquered Jehol province from the Chinese, joined it to the puppet-state of Manchukuo which she had set up in Manchuria, held impotent China south of the Great Wall, expelled the Russians from administration of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and sabre-rattled across the Soviet frontiers of Siberia. She resigned from the League of Nations when its Commission censured her for her Chinese encroachments. Through cheap labour and efficient organization she also flooded many countries (including Britain and India) with cotton and other goods with which home producers could not compete. A son and heir born to the Emperor of Japan, after eighteen years of marriage, received an official name that signified "Princely Heir of Enlightened Benevolence."

UNITED STATES

Momentous changes and drastic experiments began at the moment when Franklin Roosevelt was inaugurated as President. Telegrams poured in from every State in the Union announcing that the governors were declaring closure of the banks to avoid universal crashes. He assumed emergency powers and banned the export of gold and silver. The dollar ceased to exist in world markets until the sound banks could reopen after a lapse of over a fortnight. With £1,000,000,000 in gold the U.S. later elected to go off the gold standard. The dollar swayed violently and lost its premium on the pound sterling.

Faced by unemployed totalling nearly 14,000,000, the President produced a remarkable National Recovery Act to kill depression. This established protective Codes for every trade and industry, and established in most higher wages and shorter hours. Newspapers, radio, cinema, the pulpit, and public platforms were enrolled to spread recovery-propaganda under conditions as for wartime. Blue Eagle badges were given to those who accepted Codes, and attempts were made to boycott those who did not. Wall Street boomed, crashed, and boomed again. Strikes happened, and were broken except in the case of the farmers, who still could not get prices to cover working costs.

Unemployment dropped by nearly 3,000,000, but the banks refused easy credits, without which no scheme for higher wages, lower hours, and raised prices could succeed for long. There followed a flight from the dollar, which then fell to below par with the pound. The next big experiment was for the U.S. Treasury to buy gold, at home and abroad, at prices above those ruling in world markets, in an attempt to set up a "commodity dollar," with gold rising or falling in terms of commodities.

Despite strong protests from bankers and Chambers of Commerce, and resignations from both the Treasury and the "Brain Trust," the President went on buying gold to further this plan for what was called a "rubber dollar." Inflation undisguised, instead of disguised, was predicted for the New Year. Public works and other national enterprises, involving over a billion pounds, were sanctioned.

A. B.

TISCHENDORF "THE THIEF"

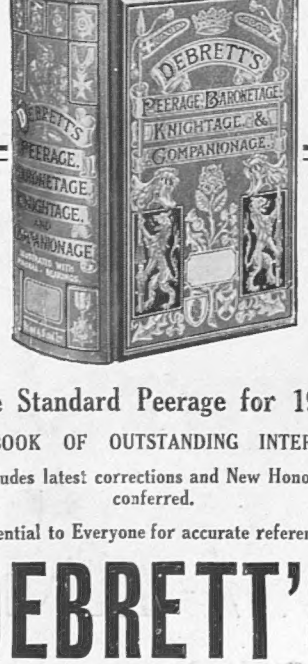
(Continued from p. 5)

that the Emperor sent a large sum of money and a silver shrine for the bones of St. Catherine to the convent, and it is also said that the monks asked for a steamer between the ports of Raifa on the Akaba and Suez and Cairo, where they had a branch convent. Until all these arguments were successfully concluded the Codex was kept in a fireproof safe in the Russian Foreign Office, but in 1869 it was eventually taken to the Imperial Library, and it is to be supposed that at that date an agreement was finally come to between the Tsar and the Brethren of Mount Sinai.

Distrust and Suspicion

In her book, *Mount Sinai* (1925), the late Miss Mary Dobson declares that when she visited the convent of St. Catherine in 1922, great precautions were taken in order to ensure the safety of the valuable manuscripts. "Time and experience," she says, "have taught the monks the importance of preserving, cataloguing, and knowing the contents of their manuscripts and books . . . we saw how, throughout the ages, from the time of the founding of the convent, the monks had guarded these works and laboured at copying them; it was impossible not to feel that the early monasteries served a distinct purpose and bestowed a lasting benefit on the Christian world by their conscientious care of the Word of God and the writings of the early Christian fathers." Going on to describe the finding and removal of the Codex Sinaiticus she says, "In the convent they still call Tischendorf 'the thief,' and nothing seems to take from the authorities that heritage of distrust and suspicion handed down to them by their brothers of sixty years ago; they consider that they were, as a community, ruthlessly robbed, and will not in consequence leave any student in the library alone for a minute."

And now the Codex Sinaiticus, no longer, it is true, tied up in its historic piece of red cloth, but wrapped in a piece of brown paper, like any other ordinary parcel of no value, has been obtained possession of by the British Government on the promise of the sum of £100,000.



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BENGER'S Food

Nourishes and strengthens the Invalid.

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THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen - The Caledonian H.
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private H.
Alnwick - White Swan Hotel
Alton - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - Crown Hotel
Banbury - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness - Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - Grand Pump Room H.
Do. - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - Empire Private H.
Do. - Imperial Hotel
Do. - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private H.
Boroughbridge Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Twr. H.
Do. - Branksome Dene H.
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do. - Osborne Priory H.
Do. - Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - Belvidere Mans. H.
Do. - Hollywood Hotel
Do. - Old Ship Hotel
Broadway - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - Grand Hotel
Do. - Sutherland Arms H.
Bude - Falcon Hotel
Do. - Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion H.
Buxton - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal) The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick - The Bridge House H.
Chagford - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - Plough Hotel
Do. - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - King's Head Hotel
Do. - Wellesley House H.
Cliftonville - Grand Hotel
Do. - Grosvenor Court H.
Do. - Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston - Raeburn Hotel
Cork - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - Caerwylan Pte. H.
Do. - Lion Hotel
Cromer - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - Sefton Hotel
Derby - Friary Hotel
Do. - Midland Hotel
Do. - York Hotel
Dornoch - Sutherland Arms H.
Droitwich Spa Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - Central Hotel
Do. - Royal Hibernian H.
Do. - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - County Hotel
Dundee - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) Ross's Hotel
Do. - Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne - "Donnington," Enys Road
Do. - Grand Hotel
Do. - Southdown Hotel
Do. - The Chatsworth H.
Do. - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - Royal British Hotel
Elie - Marine Hotel
Falmouth - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - Manor House Hotel Budock Vean
Do. - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - Grand Hotel
Do. - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - Fowey Hotel
Do. - St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow - Central Hotel
Do. - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - New Inn Hotel
Do. - Wellington Hotel
Do. - Spread Eagle
Do. - The Midland and Royal Hotel
Goathland - Goathland Hydro H.
Golspie - Sutherland Arms H.
Gorleston-on-Sea The Pier Hotel
Greenock - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow) - Grand Hotel
Guernsey - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham - Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club
Halifax - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - Cairn Hydro Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Granby Hotel
Do. - Grand Hotel
Do. - Harrogate Hydro H.
Do. - Majestic Hotel
Do. - Wellington Hotel
Hastings - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-T. Imperial Hotel
Hereford - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - Hoops Inn
Hove - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - White House Hotel
Do. - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - Sutherland House H.
Ilfracombe - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private H.
Inverness - Station Hotel
Kenilworth - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - County Hotel
Do. - Keswick Hotel
Do. - The Borrowdale H.
Do. - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - Queen's Hotel
Do. - Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin) Ross's Hotel
Kingussie - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa Aikerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private H
Leeds - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane Newton House H.
Letchworth - The People's House
Lewes - The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - Exchange Hotel
Llandudno - Empire Hotel
Do. - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire Loch Awe Hotel
London - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2
Do. - Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7
Do. - Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2
Do. - Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do. - Euston H. Drummond St., N.W.1
Do. - Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do. - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do. - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do. - Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do. - Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do. - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do. - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - Stile House Hotel
Do. - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts Midland Hotel
Matlock - Rockside Hydro
Minehead - Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick Marine Hotel
Northampton Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - The County Hotel
Do. - The George Hotel
Oban - Great Western Hotel
Do. - Station Hotel
Oxford - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - Paignton Palace H.
Do. - Paignton Hydro
Do. - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr Grand Hotel
Penrith - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - Station Hotel
Petersfield - Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M. Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea Alexandra Hotel
Do. - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - Bridge Hotel
Do. - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - Angel Hotel
Do. - Old George Hotel
Do. - The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W. Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks - Heathfield Private H.
Do. - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - Albany Hotel
Do. - Angel Hotel
Do. - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - Belmont Hotel
Do. - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - Prince of Wales H.
Do. - Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - The Swan Hotel
Staines - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - The Bear Inn
Do. - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - Beach Hotel
Do. - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon) Rock House Private Hotel
Do. - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do. - Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do. - Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do. - Grand Hotel
Do. - Haldon Manor H.
Do. - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - Links H., Babbacm.
Do. - Livermead Cliff H.
Do. - Osborne Hotel
Do. - Palace Hotel
Do. - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - Victoria & Albert H.
Do. - White House Hotel
Troon - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor - Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do. - Royal Hotel
Do. - Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do. - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - Talbot Hotel
Windermere - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - The Old House H.
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing - Steyne Hotel

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints for Travellers

GOLF IN MAJORCA.

Prospective visitors to Majorca will be interested to know that a 9-hole golf course has recently been opened at Puerto Alcudia, one of the most delightful spots in this lovely island. The course will probably be extended to 18 holes at an early date.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPERS TO INNSBRUCK.

For the benefit of visitors to the Austrian winter sports resorts, 3rd class sleeping-cars are running daily this winter between Paris and Innsbrück. The supplement for a 3rd class sleeping berth is 1 guinea: a wise expenditure, as one arrives at one's destination well rested and eager to plunge at once into the many festivities and sports which the Tyrolean resorts offer.

LEARNING TO SKI.

With the opening of the winter sports season in Switzerland, the issue by the Executive Committee of the Swiss Ski School of a brochure dealing with the various ski schools of Switzerland is very opportune. It is prefaced with some excellent notes on the importance of learning to ski properly and in good style, and the various problems of level ski-ing, straight running, braking, change of direction, swings, and jump turns are dealt with. Then follows a list of some fifty-three places in Switzerland—the first country to organize ski-ing tuition on such a wide basis—where ski-ing schools have been established and in which instruction is given in two or three languages of which English is always one. The fees vary according to the schools, which are graded complete, medium and small, and they range from as low as 3 francs per day. The brochure may be had free on application to the Swiss Federal Railways, 11B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS.

The extension of the Simplon–Orient Express beyond the Bosphorus by means of the Anatolia Express and the Taurus Express meets a very real need and will greatly facilitate intercontinental travel. The crossing of the Bosphorus between Istambul and Haidarpasha is arranged for Simplon–Orient Express passengers by means of "vedettes," which take them across in twenty minutes. On the Asiatic coast, sleeping cars await the passengers to take them to Ankara, Aleppo, Beirut, Jerusalem, Cairo or Mosul, Baghdad, Bassorah, India, or Khanikine and Teheran. At Khanikine a motor service connects with the train from Kirkyk, and at Bassorah the vessels of the British India Steam Navigation Company make the connection with Bouchir, Karachi, and Bombay weekly. The cost of rail tickets and wagon-lits supplement has been reduced by 10 per cent., and return tickets, valid for two years and carrying a reduction of 32 per cent., are now available. Cooks–Wagon-Lits agencies can, of course, give first-hand information concerning travel in Syria, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, Persia, and India.

Answers to Enquirers

P., Leic. (Winter sports in Austria).—Kitzbühel is a delightful little Austrian town with excellent facilities for ski-ing; there are fifty-four different ski descents in the immediate vicinity. At the Grand Hotel there you would get terms from 23 Austrian schillings per day.

M., Norfolk (Nice).—We can recommend the Villa Kléber at Nice. This hotel-pension is most comfortable, and the cooking is excellent. Terms range from 35 francs per day.

B., Surrey (A genial winter climate).—We do not think the north coast of Spain would be suitable for a winter holiday. We would advise you to go farther south. Malaga, for instance, has an ideal climate, warm, dry, and sunny. Algeciras is also a very pleasant spot, and there you would be within easy reach of Gibraltar. The Caleta Palace Hotel at Malaga and the Hotel Cristina at Algeciras are both excellent. If you do not wish to travel so far, why not go to the South of France? Hotels there have reduced their rates considerably this season, and it is possible to live very pleasantly indeed for £3 10s. and £4 a week. If, however, you let us know how much you wish to pay per day, we shall be glad to send you a list of suitably priced hotels in the different centres.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

Rhapsody in D major

Cupid makes a Trio out of a Duet in Two Sharps . . .

By George Froxfield

FIFTY YEARS AGO.
TRAVELLERS' TALES: *by Hannen Swaffer.* No. I.—THE NEWSPAPER MAN.
"ON TRIAL": *by Owen Archer.*
HOLLYWOOD HAS THEM ALL! *by Margaret Chute.*
"THE TENTH TULWAR": *by Richard Oliver.*
"SOLARIUM" . . . *by May Edginton.*
"RHAPSODY IN D MAJOR": *by George Froxfield.*
"DEFEATING A TROPICAL HURRICANE": *by Harwood Steele.*
"MOVING WATER": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
"I AM A SPY" . . . *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
"LOST LANDMARKS": *by Louis Kaye.*
THIRTY YEARS OF FLYING: *by Claude Grahame-White.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
OLD TALES Re-told: *Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
DO YOU DISLIKE —? *by Winifred Lewis.*
THE COMMON COLD.
THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH: *by "Chrysis."*
THE TRUTH ABOUT FURNITURE: *by Winifred Lewis.*
HOW TO KEEP *YOUR* BREAKFAST HOT.
KEEPING JACK FROST AT BAY: *by J. S. Bainbridge.*
"APPLE PORCH": *Eva Moore's charming house near Temple Golf Course, Maidenhead.*
SOME ADVANCE FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR . . .
TRANSFORMING AN OLD LONDON HOUSE
B STANDS FOR BATHROOM.
THE BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK.
CAKES AND PASTRY FOR AFTERNOON PARTIES, ALSO EVENING PARTY SWEETS: *by A. H. Adair.*
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
AND NOW TO BED! *by Len Chaloner.*
THE MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan.*

On a cold Mid-Winter's Night there's nothing to beat the Stories in

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE — JAN. ISSUE ON SALE NOW

3312 P146

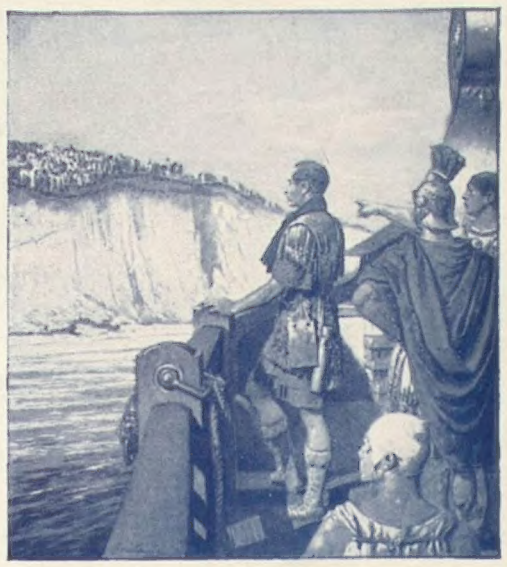
I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED—

Old Tales Re-told

Written and Illustrated by
F. MATANIA, R.I.

"This strange tale is not strange to you nor strange to me. It is common history to both of us; you, because you derive — for all your inevitable admixture of Latin, Saxon, Norman and Dane—from the Ancient Briton; I, because I spring — no matter how remotely — from the race of the Cæsars.

I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.



To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar — barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons . . . "

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